



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

MAY 20, 1959

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS
\$1.00 a year

INDIANAPOLIS

A preview of the '500'

INVITATION TO ISRAEL

Gerald Holland accepts
and writes of its sporting urge

BE **REALLY** REFRESHED...WITH ICE COLD **COKE!**



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B.F. Goodrich

These B.F. Goodrich truck tires have traveled between 100,000 and 250,000 miles



CONTEST HINT: This has been called "The 100,000-mile" tire. The sole of these Traction Express tires (size 16.00-20), a large freight operator, drove these all-union tires one hour a day for five days a week in all kinds of weather, on all types of roads.



CONTEST HINT: This is the original equipment tire on many new trucks. These Power Express Tubelless tires (size 8.15-15) traveled almost 100 miles per day making stop-and-go deliveries. This tire was constant six days a week, summer and winter.

Make the closest mileage estimate and win a THUNDERBIRD or CORVETTE

ESTIMATE the combined mileage on the two B.F. Goodrich truck tires pictured here and you can win one of \$11 prizes. There's nothing to write, nothing to buy. Anyone who owns a truck or is employed in a transportation activity in a company operating trucks is eligible.

Simply add your estimate of the mileage on the Traction Express tire on the left to the estimated mileage on the Power Express Tubelless tire on the right for your entry. The closest estimate to the nearest tenth of a mile wins.

Your B.F. Goodrich Smileage dealer has entry blanks and complete details. He's listed under Tires in the Yellow Pages of your phone book, The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.

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First Prize—YOUR CHOICE OF A 1957 THUNDERBIRD OR CORVETTE • 2nd Through 11th Prizes—MOTOROLA PORTABLE TELEVISION SETS • 12th Through 41st Prizes—MOTOROLA TEAM-SPINDLE RADIOS • 42nd Through 151st Prizes—WATCH CUFF LINK SETS • 152nd Through 311th Prizes—CIGARETTE LIGHTERS.



Specify B.F. Goodrich Tubelless or tube-type tires when ordering new trucks or trailers.

Smileage!

B.F. Goodrich truck tires



WHAT ELSE DO YOU NEED?
WHERE ELSE CAN YOU GET
SO MUCH OF IT FOR SO LITTLE?

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➤ More luxury and good taste per dollar than any other car (fashion-approved by Harper's Bazaar) ➤ More inner room to outer size than any other (three feet shorter, seats six) ➤ Proven economy—outclassed all other V-8's in the Mobilgas Economy Run. ➤ Best performance per pound of any but a sports car (one trip behind the wheel will prove it) ➤ Drive The Lark at your Studebaker Dealer's today and see—it's the most!

Other models—2-Door Sedan, 4-Door Sedan, Station Wagon. ➤ Automatic transmission optional on all models.

Cover Illustration ▶

In a painting commissioned especially for this week's cover, Artist Daniel Schwartz portrays the breakneck burst of the cars into the turn at Indianapolis. For a preview of next week's race, see page 54.

Next week



▶ A visit with the sporting Coopers—Maris, Rocky and Gary of the marlin. Skid-diers, leapers and gourmets supreme, theirs is a rich, varied life away from the public.

▶ An astonishing group of college golfers led our Walker Cup team to a victory over the British. Herbert Warren Wind reports from Scotland on how and why it happened.

▶ Stanley Frank reports on the man behind the Pirates, John Galbreath, whose restless energy has helped bring greatness to Ohio State but has not yet been able to solve the enigma of Pittsburgh.

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BEST IN SHOW

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Brilliant new T-50 Baby Grand

This champion performer has five of the most powerful transistors made! Sensational big-set volume and superb tone. A new, smoothly sculptured break-resistant case fits your pocket and your palm. As the clincher for top listeners, this champ of compact radios plays almost anywhere—on just 4 tiny new mercury batteries. See and hear T-50 soon! Yours only \$34⁹⁹.

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COMING EVENTS

May 22 to May 28

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Friday, May 22

BOATING
Edin Tuesday, Sailing Yacht Competition, Larchmont, N.Y.

BASKETBALL
Boston vs. Detroit, livecast, 10 p.m., Med. Rn.
Boston, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC).

GOLF
Rn. Ten Champ., Ann Arbor, Mich. (also May 23).

HORSE & FIELD
Occidental Invitational, Occidental, Calif.
Pacifica Coast Conf. Champions, Santa Cruz May 23.

Rn. Ten Champ., Ann Arbor, Mich. (also May 23).

Saturday, May 23

AUTO RACING
Indianapolis "500" qualifying trials, Indianapolis (also May 24).
Natl. SCCA Golden West rally, Apple Valley, Calif. (also May 24).

BASKETBALL
Michigan at Philadelphia, 1:30 p.m. (CBS).
New York at Baltimore, 2 p.m. (ABC).

CONCERTS
at Pittsburgh, 8:00 p.m. (Mutual).

BOATING (cont.)
Weekend at California.
Pennyfarms at Concord.

REGATTA
Regatta of the Redwood State of America, Sausalito, Calif.

FINANCE
Tenn. Tournament, Cat Gap, Belhaven (through May 27).

HORSE RACING
The California, 1:30 p.m., Hollywood Park, Calif.

NEW YORK
at Baltimore, 2 p.m. (ABC).

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THE NEW ATLAS BUCRON TIRE permits the test driver to spin around the fastest, tightest turns possible without even a faint tire

squeal. Even panic stops are quiet on this revolutionary new "no squeal" tire. Bucron Tires "flow" over uneven spots in the road.

ESSO DEALERS INTRODUCE "NO SQUEAL" ATLAS BUCRON[®] TIRES

A revolution was announced to the motoring public this week on signs displayed by thousands of Esso Dealers. The signs identify Esso Servicenters which offer a revolutionary new automobile tire — The Atlas Bucron — made of Butyl, a product of Esso Research. One of the most appealing characteristics of the new tire is that it ends hair-raising "tire screech" so common in tight turns or sudden stops. But its designers are much prouder of the fact that it stops chatter on wet pavement than

other tires do on dry. Automotive engineers stated that it would cost hundreds of dollars to build the same comfortable "rideability" into cars that they got by using these new tires. This is because they "flow" over uneven spots in the road instead of bouncing!

Experts say that American motorists are in for a special treat this year. It is the "NO SQUEAL" ATLAS BUCRON TIRE.

continued...



**STOPS FASTER ON
WET ROADS THAN OTHER
TIRES DO ON DRY ROADS**

With safety features no other tire has, Atlas Bucron Tires grip road surfaces so well that they stop 30% faster than tires made of conventional rubber. This was proved in test after test like the one above.

"NO SQUEAL" ATLAS BUCRON TIRES RIDE,



TESTED FOR MILLIONS OF MILES! Bucron Tires underwent grueling road tests on roads of all types from the Arabian Desert to the

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EVER THE TREAD DESIGN IS UNLIKE ANY OTHER TIRE. Because this new man-made rubber is so different from ordinary rubber, a

new, more effective tread design was made possible. Traction is vastly improved over the best ordinary tires, giving you a new kind of ride.

STOP, LOOK AND LAST LIKE NO OTHERS

The unique ability of this new tire to cushion bumps and soak up road noise is apparent within a mile's driving. Less apparent, but still unique, is the fact that it does not age

or crack like ordinary rubber. It will not dry out or become brittle, and its ability to withstand deterioration contributes to its unique longer-lasting feature. Even unused spare tires retain the life and the look of brand new tires.

Atlas Bucon Tires add a special pleasantness to driving by almost completely silencing road noise. Experts say that to achieve full advantage of the new "miracle rubber" tires, they should be mounted in sets of 4. If only 2 are used, they should both be mounted on the same end of the car. See your Esso Dealer now, and be one of the first to have "no squeal" tires on your car. He's ready to allow you a generous trade-in on your present tires.

AVAILABLE WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN. Only Esso Dealers offer the new "No Squeal" Atlas Bucon Tires. It is especially fitting that men, who have introduced so many motoring milestones in the past, should introduce this great new tire!

© "No Squeal" "BUCON" REGISTERED TRADEMARKS, ESSO SUPPLY CO.



ACTUALLY COSTS LESS THAN MOST PREMIUM TIRES. Most people guess much too high on the price of these new tires. Actually, despite their superior qualities, they cost less than most premium tires.



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*by the Rembrandt
of
Dutch brewers
Amstel of Amsterdam*



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FROM A DIFFERENT MOLD

If transportation is all you're looking for in a car, Corvette is not for you.

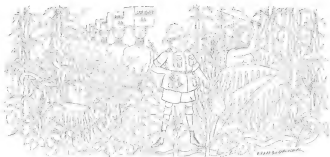
Corvette is a polished instrument specifically designed for *driving* pleasure, with the crisp, clean precision of handling and steering, the almost electronic responses that are the mark of the true sports car. Sure, it is wonderfully comfortable and dead reliable—but it is primarily a *driver's* machine, shaped and sprung and powered for the top-grade motorist.

This is not every man's car, and we have no intention of pretending that it is. The solid feel, the whetted

perfection of traction and tracking developed in six years of refinement will mean the most to those with the skill to savor them.

Corvette is from a different mold, literally. For no other car made in America shares its low-slung torpeda shape or uses ultra-strong, ultra-light fiberglass for its body shell. No other U.S.-built auto can promise more than a faint echo of Corvette's authentic sports car excitement. You want to know how much pure fun can be slung between four wheels?—Try a Corvette, this week!... Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

CORVETTE by Chevrolet



Annals of the Search for the Square Martini Glass

Chapter II: Darkest Africa!



Our trials and tribulations thus far

Little did we expect the far-flung consequences of our deeds. Ours was a simple desire to market Lamplighter (the earlier English Gin) in the American Colonies. Being unfamiliar with the American mind, we engaged the services of one of your Madison Avenue advertising agencies. A black day, that.



The square martini glass suggested

It was they who suggested a square martini glass as a new symbol for Lamplighter Gin. It is we who must find one. We have been to glassblowers of consummate skill in America, England and on the Continent. Indeed, we have engaged the renowned Indian glassblowers of Peru. Alas, we met disappointment at every turn.



The African expedition

Recently, one of our correspondents in Tanganyika heard rumors of an ex-glassblower to the Imperial Russian Court, now retired to the bush country. A craftsman of old, a Lamplighter expedition was then organized to discover his whereabouts. Regrettably, there has been no word from the expedition for the last three months.

Wait not, wait not

We are yet optimistic. But you—the American Drinking Public—may have already given up hope for the Square Martini Glass. Wait no longer. Proclaim your anglophilia by ordering a Lamplighter Martini immediately. Topping, what?

Lamplighter Gin

The earlier English Gin—Americans may have found it hard—so dry to you can buy



LONDON DRY GIN DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, 54 PROOF—IMPORTED BY MONSIEUR & ROBBINS, INC., N.Y., N.Y.



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Firestone's performance is proven by its own test results and competitive tests.

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Firestone is FIRST in competitive tests that prove performance for you!

In the fastest race ever run in wheels, nobody *speeded down* the turnpike. They didn't have to at Daytona's new International Speedway, because highly pitched turns launched speeding cars into whip-cracking straightaways. Early in April, they needed tire-deep-dish crash-tests, tires in racing wheel-and-tire tests of heat, moisture and time. Jim Rathmann covered it at a 178.241 mile-an-hour average—on Firestones. Professional drivers like Jim Rathmann know only Firestones are good enough to pass these supreme tests of tire safety and endurance. They know, too, that Firestone's proof of performance on the speedway means safer driving for you at highway and turnpike speeds. And that's important news to remember the next time you buy tires. Be sure you get the proved performance of Firestone Rubber-X, the longest wearing rubber ever used in Firestone tires. Buy now, on convenient terms if you wish, at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

*Firestone Rubber-X is now proved specifically for each type of car, truck, farm implement and construction equipment.



Jim Rathmann, holder of world's record for the fastest 1/4 mile at 166.241 m.p.h., says: "On the turnpike, and on the speedway, I want Firestone—the only tire that's got the edge."

Firestone

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by LES WOODCOCK

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The Cleveland Indians continued to get help from unexpected sources. Gangster Rodolfo has been back news and found his progressive program. In a victory over the Detroit Tigers, the Indians' relief pitcher, who had been out of the lineup, pitched a perfect game. The Chicago White Sox caught fire and scored 10 runs in the bottom of the ninth. With third baseman Normandy League-Ameron (a former player) and veteran slugger Earl Torgerson a regular at first, the Sox hitting attack picked up considerably (from worst-hitting team in league to fourth-best in a week). With so many relievers coming through to suddenly seven Sox who were to add pitchers. Manager Lopez took his best relief man, Bob Shaw, and made him a starter. Shaw, who gained respect by throwing overhand to all batters instead of sidearm to some, pitched a brilliant five-hit shutout, lowered his ERA to 0.82. The Baltimore Orioles have come up with one of the best relievers in the league in unpredictable, answered Billy Lee. With a new serious outlook to go with his old swagger, Lee's won 11-3 in a game and saw off his fourth, lowered his ERA to 1.29. The Washington Senators slowed down a bit, as was to be expected, but still got ending home runs from Bob Allison (three) and Killer Killebrew (two in one game twice, for the fifth time in his career). The Kansas City Athletics (four) have gotten the home runs from Bob Cerv that they did last

—continued

STARS OF THE SEASON

Manager (League): Normandy League-Ameron

THE BEST PITCHING

Game	1st Pitcher	2nd Pitcher
Cleveland	Shaw 5-0	Shaw 5-0
Chicago	Shaw 5-0	Shaw 5-0
White Sox	Shaw 5-0	Shaw 5-0
White Sox	Shaw 5-0	Shaw 5-0
White Sox	Shaw 5-0	Shaw 5-0

THE BEST HITTING

Game	1st Hitter	2nd Hitter
Chicago	Shaw 5-0	Shaw 5-0
White Sox	Shaw 5-0	Shaw 5-0
White Sox	Shaw 5-0	Shaw 5-0
White Sox	Shaw 5-0	Shaw 5-0
White Sox	Shaw 5-0	Shaw 5-0

THE BEST PERFORMANCE

Game	1st Player	2nd Player
Chicago	Shaw 5-0	Shaw 5-0
White Sox	Shaw 5-0	Shaw 5-0
White Sox	Shaw 5-0	Shaw 5-0
White Sox	Shaw 5-0	Shaw 5-0
White Sox	Shaw 5-0	Shaw 5-0

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NEW! Variety of Varaflame table styles! Top: FUTURA, in bright chrome plate. Above left to right: METEOR in deep-brush finish, gold-tone band. CORCORAN, in brass silver plate. FOUR REASONS, imported Wedgwood China. Priced from \$2.99.

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Meet the 1800-mile meal... aboard a QANTAS Jet!

First ease your cocktails, crisp and chill. Then the morsels of crayfish, nestled in their beds of ice. Now the shish kebabs, sauced in Burgundy...the smoky cheeses...the silken wines...the English cigarettes and sweets. And once you've sipped your last liqueur, three hours will have slipped away.

And so will 1800 miles!

For you'll be flying *de luxe*, aboard a 600-mile-an-hour Qantas Jet. In palatial spaciousness. In feather-bed smooth-

ness. In whispery quiet. And most of all, in luxury and lavishness you've never known in any other flight. Jet or prop.

It all begins this year, when the first Qantas 707 Jets soar skyward. And when they do, Qantas will become the world's first airline to fly 707 Jets over both the Atlantic and the Pacific, direct across the U.S.A.

Will you be aboard to meet this 1800-mile kind of meal? Your travel agent will gladly handle introductions.

QANTAS

Australia's round-the-world luxury line

Starting this year, Qantas 707 Jet services connect to London, onward to the Pacific and Australia...with connecting flights on around the whole wide world! See our travel agent for de luxe, tourist or economy service...or ask with us in our world's exclusive Australian baggagins. Qantas offices: New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Honolulu, Vancouver, 100 RMA, general sales agent, in New York, Chicago, Washington, Boston, Denver, Miami, Dallas, Philadelphia, Winnipeg, Montreal, Toronto.



作者为美国西北大学, 西雅图 WA 98195-5080

In his first game drove in four runs with a homer and single. Never since the **San Diego Dodgers** left owners Bill (Boss) Feltz, Feltz's sons have been running things. Last spring the Dodgers stacked three, and the opposition bashed 12. **Knott**, four times in a row. The **Cincinnati Reds** are so shrewd they got good pitching line **Nashville**'s three-hit shutout, but it was still too ineffectual to match the Reds any sort of a threat at this point. **Vada Pinso**, the fastest man in the league (clocked at 2.3 seconds going from the plate to first, continued to look like the best runner around. The **Chicago Cubs** are the most consistent team in the majors. They have yet to win more than two in a row or lose more than two in a row. This is a pure calculation to keep a team at the .500 mark, which is not where the Cubs have been since the season started. The **Pittsburgh Pirates** lost six-straight season games (one of 12 wins by a single run) and lurched slowly up toward the top half of the league. Disastrous **Roy Fox**, throwing a last ball and back ball ("It comes in about half speed, like a champagne. But I saw the same motion as I do with the first ball. If I can keep it low, it usually sinks"), won two more in three so far, all, probably, and helped save his others. The **St. Louis Cardinals** got more hitting and pitching at the same time for a change and climbed out of last place. Manager **Billy Herman**, who has had plenty of problems already, decided to solve one with a bit of psychology. He announced that **Jim Brown**, **Johnny Carson** (his first, has to be made a matter, "Maybe by starting Jim, I can build back his confidence," said Herman. "It would be odd to get-starting someone who hasn't been getting anybody out all season, but it may work." The **Philadelphia Phillies**, with the worst pitching and hitting in the league, went on a six-game losing streak and found themselves just where they were last season—in the cellar. In two games against the **Giants**, the team could get but five hits, no runs. These teams are less than last year's hitting champs. **Hideo Aburaya**, was bashed for the first time since 1956. A one-239 batting record it.

[illegible]

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ADDITIONAL LEADS	Rates Scored	Transcribed and Filed (%)	Total Rates Processed
Admission, Death, (10)	26	15	33
Arrest, Death, (10)	27	17	34
Arrest, Den. (10)	24	17	36
Arrest, Den. (10)	27	19	36
Witness, Civil (10)	31	14	37
Witness, Civil (10)	30	16	37

David J. Cohen, *University of California, Irvine*

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE YANKS

by ROY TERRELL

! A year ago this week they were saying that here was one of the great Yankee teams of all time. Without the power of the old Ruth-Gehrig-Dickey clubs, the 1998 New Yorkers appeared to have everything else: superb pitching in matchless depth; sharp, timely hitting; starting speed on the bases, and a defense that was as light as a down. By the end of the first five weeks of play they had won 54 games and lost only five; already they led the second-place Indians by 8½ games, and day by day, with an effortless, deadly precision, the Yankees were pulling farther away. Soon it became a rest, one of the most lopsided runarounds baseball has ever seen.

Today the Yankees are stumbling along in the second division, playing less than .500 ball, and only an even more horrendous start by the Detroit Tigers has prevented them from dipping into the cellar. Not for almost 20 years has a Yankee team begun the

season so slowly and almost never has one looked so bad. The pitching has been erratic, the old Yankee power flashes only in brief, unproductive bursts and the faded defense is coming apart at the seams.

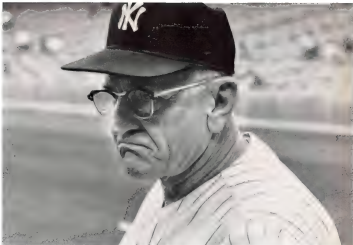
For the rest of the American League, with the possible exception of poor old Detroit, it has been a wonderful spring. Ball parks in Cleveland and Chicago, in Kansas City and Baltimore, even in Washington, have begun to rock with the enthusiasm of fans who have finally found something to cheer about in the way their own teams are playing ball. Over these same people turned out only in the feeble hope that the Yankees might lose. Today they crowd into the stands with a huddling, infectious conviction that the Yankees will lose. And lose the Yankees have—again and again and again.

Naturally, the big question which everyone asks is why do the Yankees lose? What is wrong? And, in an attempt to find out, people have also been asking smaller, specific questions. Here are the answers.

ARE THEY TOO WELL FED

There is an old theory in baseball, dredged up at the drop of a World Series share, that wealth and success breed only complacency. The truth is that ballplayers, even good ones, don't make that much money. The Yankees are normal, greedy human beings like anyone else, and the more they get the more they want. This applies to dollars as well as to pennants.

In addition, behind every high-salaried Yankee there is a young, low-salaried Yankee just itching to take his place. The regulars know this and they remind each other of it constantly. The story of what happened to Wally Pipp is a classic in the Yankee clubhouse: he took a day off because of a headache and came back to find Lou Gehrig standing in his place.



DESPITE GRIM COUNTENANCE, STENDEL HAS REMAINED SINGULARLY CALM AND DOGS-HUNGRY THROUGHOUT YANKEE SLUMP

By the time Gehrig left, Wally Pipp had a long, gray beard.

And, finally, neither Casey Stengel nor George Weiss will put up for an instant with complacency. The Yankees have traded away ballplayers before who didn't seem to really care about winning, and if necessary they will do so again. This is not, however, a problem which causes the front office much concern. The Yankee players have a great deal of pride, and they are perhaps the worst losers in baseball. They just like to win.

HOW ABOUT THE LAME AND HALT

The Yankees sick list this spring has read like a *Who's Who* at Sedona. Out with the for varying lengths of time have been Mickey Mantle, Ryne Duren, Andy Carey, Tom Staudt-want, John Blanchard, Merv Thomas-berry, Jim Coates and Cleto Boyer.

Elston Howard, Gil McDougald and Hank Bauer missed a few games with minor injuries. Mantle was out for more than a week with a broken finger, and Bill Skowron, who was playing with a corset wrapped around his aching back to begin with, pulled a leg muscle which really put him on the shelf.

Yet the Yankees have been little or no worse off than most of the other teams in the league. The Red Sox went through a mass virus attack. The White Sox struggled through an epidemic, too. And Washington was hit almost as hard as the Yankees.

As for the injuries, McDougald, Howard and Bauer were not out long enough to make any great difference. The Yankees lost with Mantle on the bench, true. They also lost before he was hurt and they have been losing since his return. Perhaps the toughest break was the absence of Skowron, who led the team in home runs, hitting and runs batted in. Yet the Yankees weren't winning with Skowron either.

In the past Stengel has had to go along with more damaging injuries than this and still the Yankees won. Being sick or hurt a little is not enough of an excuse in itself.

IS BERRA WASHED UP

Berra is only 34 but he has been a big league catcher now for 14 years and has caught more than 1,600 big league games. It is time that he was getting tired. He does not react quite so quickly behind the plate as he once did, and he does not throw so well. Still, the Yankees are not worried about his catching. He will do an adequate job if given a chance to rest, and there is a topflight replacement in Howard.

But neither Howard nor anyone else can replace Yogi at the plate, where the squat, homely little man with

continued

the big heart long ago became a legend: the most dangerous late-inning hitter in all baseball. At times Berra still shows flashes of his old ripping power. But he has hit only .251 and .266 for the past two seasons and for most of this one he has been hitting even less. He has yet to break up a ball game. Against right-hand pitching, particularly in Yankee Stadium, he may still be the deadliest of clutch hitters. There was a time, however, when he was better than anybody, in any situation, anywhere.

The Yankees are missing his bat.

WHAT IS WRONG ON THE FIELD

One would think, to look at the results of Yankee games in a rather casual way, that the pitchers are throwing only home runs these days and that no one on the ball club can stop a ground ball. This is only partially correct. Some days the pitchers do very well, some days one wonders how they found their way into the ball park. This has led Stengel to call his 1959 crew "my Jekyll and Hyde pitching staff."

Generally, however, Stengel defends the pitchers, and so do the figures. The team earned run average is a respectable if not very exciting 3.36. Both Ford and Turley have done good jobs. On occasion, so have Art Ditmar and Bobby Shantz and Don Larsen. Even Daren, the relief hero of 1958 but a frustrated man who has appeared in only one winning game this year, has been throwing just as hard and about as effectively as ever before. Daren's trouble is that he has had to work too often and too long.

The defense hasn't been helping much, either. At Washington one night, Richardson made a bad throw on a double-play ball that cost Turley a three-hit game. Against Cleveland, Kubek, who had been fielding like a flash for days, basted two balls in one inning and the Indians won. Baltimore won the second game of a double-header when Siebers made a bad play in left field. Richardson made two errors one night at shortstop against the White Sox. Howard was no real help at first base. Berra, who set a record for catchers by play-

ing errorless ball in 145 consecutive games, made an error in each of the next two. And Saturday, against Chicago, with two out in the ninth inning and the Yankees ahead 3-2, Mantle misplayed a fly ball by Nellie Fox into a three-base error that eventually cost the Yankees the game.

But despite the erratic pitching and the erratic play afield, the real villain in the Yankee slump has been the hitting. It hasn't been erratic, just bad all the time.

There isn't a Yankee in the league's top 10. The only regular above .300 is Skowron and he is barely above .300, besides which he has been on the bench. Mantle can't get going, Siebers has slumped, Howard fell off, McDougald isn't driving in runs, Kubek is hovering around .250 and the rest are worse. The Yankees, who practically invented the thing, are seventh in the league in home runs, seventh in hits, seventh in doubles, last in runs scored. And the big inning, once a Yankee trademark, has ceased to exist.

At first Stengel said, "We're just not hitting."

Then he said, "We're swinging at low bad pitches," and, "We can't find the holes," and, "Their felix pitch is so we can't pull."

Finally Casey figured it out. "Those other felix have brought in some new pitchers. Everybody has a couple who can win. The pitching all through this league has got to be stronger."

WHERE ARE THE FRESH TROOPS

The Yankee farm system is still one of the best in baseball—but no longer does it rank as the only good one around. There are those who say the Braves have outdistanced the Yankees now, and perhaps the Reds and Dodgers are ahead, too, and others, like Baltimore and Cleveland, are gaining fast. The Yankees sign a lot of good-looking youngsters, but no longer do they have a corner on the market.

Partly because of this, partly because of other factors which even baseball men themselves do not clearly understand, the Yankees have run into one of those strange periods of nonproductivity which occasionally strikes even the best farm system.

Neither this year nor last has Stengel come up with a rookie able to play regularly—long one of the secrets of Yankee success.

Even those youngsters who have managed to make the club in recent years, either as regulars or part-time players, lack the old, frightening Yankee look. Kubek has all the ability to become a great ballplayer, but he has shown almost no power, he has yet to prove that he is in the image of such Yankee shortstops as Crosetti and Rizzuto, and now people are not so sure. Siebers appears to be one of the good hitters, but he has trouble with the left-hand curve ball and his fielding is very poor. Richardson sometimes looks like a magician with a glove; at other times he errs badly, and at bat he parks no punch. Thronberry was never an accomplished fielder; in the minors he hit home runs, in the majors he only skinned out. Lurpee, a graceful, skilled infielder, does not scare too many opponents with his bat. And the Yankees have not produced a consistent winning pitcher of their own since Whitey Ford.

This shortage of outstanding talent is also reflected on the bench. Where once the Yankees were able to deal off their surplus youngsters for an older player, a Mize or a Slaughter, who could give them specialized help, they do not have that kind of outstanding surplus any more.

STENGEL: A GENIUS OR A CLOWN

Against the Indians one night Casey brought in a left-hander, Shantz, to pitch to two right-hand power hitters, Minoso and Colavito, who between them had driven in 193 runs the year before. Later, with left-hand hitters coming up, he took out Shantz, brought in Zack Monroe, a right-hander, and lost the game. As it turned out, Casey meant to bring in a right-hander all right, but not Monroe. "The fella I wanted was Coates," he admitted the next day. "The signals to the bullpen got mixed up."

He put Blanchard in to play right field one night, saw the young catcher battle fly balls for his life, admitted later, "I had him in the wrong spot. I found out it was to play some in left field, not right."

He also used Thronberry out

there when Bauer was hurt, a gesture which left Frank Lane all choked up. "When he plays Thruberry in right field," said Lane, "he's doing us a big favor."

All of this has been mixed upon with delight by Casey's critics to prove that Stengel can't manage a lick. He has just been lucky all these years. Perhaps it is a normal reaction. Stengel is easy to second-guess because he does make unusual moves with his athletes, and when these jewels of Stengel's strategy backfire they do so with a loud report. It is also just about the first time in years that his opponents have had such a good chance to have so much fun at Casey's expense.

What most critics overlook is that Stengel is doing nothing much different from what he has been doing all along. "My players," he growled one day, "just ain't executing."

It is to Stengel's credit that he has retained his salty good humor throughout the long siege of defeats and refused to heap the blame on anyone else.

"Casey," said Gil McDougald, "is taking this very well."

He did run a television crew away from the dugout in obvious irritation one night in Kansas City ("I make my living here on this bench, not in the movie," he told them), but then Casey has never earned very much for television anyway. He refused to pose with Frank Lane for a photographer, but then Stengel has never shown any special fondness for Lane, either.

But in the clubhouse and on the bench, around his players and with the press, he has been the soul of sweetness and light. Daily the writers who cover the team edge toward the dressing room after the game, in hesitant trepidation and with a certain amount of dread. Inside they find Old Case waiting for them, sitting in some stage of undress, ready to talk around his cigarette with one garbled leg crossed over the other.

"I wish," he told them after the club had run into an epidemic of one-run defeats, "that we could get in a one-sided game sometime. Even if we lose."

After the Yankees beat Kansas City one day 3-2 in 10 innings he said, "We beat them so bad they probably won't show up tomorrow night."

When Bill Norman was fired at Detroit, the day the Yankees lost

their second straight to Cleveland, Stengel said, "I think maybe I'll go look up my contract and see how long I'm hired for."

And throughout he has refused to talk about trading any of his players. "They won me a World Series," he says, "and I want 'em. My big men ain't gonna keep me hittin' the way they have been."

The day Jimmie Dykes took over the Tigers, the new Detroit manager walked up to Stengel at home plate before the game. "Hello, Casey," said Dykes, "and what happened to the magic?"

Casey had no answer. But the answer is that Casey never really had any magic. He was never a genius—nor was he ever a buffoon. He was, and is, a sometimes incoherent, usually funny, almost always very wise old man who has been around this game for nearly half a century and therefore knows more about it than anyone he has to manage against.

When his players "execute," he wins. When they don't, he loses. Right now they aren't executing very well.

IS THIS THE DAY OF RECKONING

No one has seriously screamed, "Break up the Yankees!" for several years now. The reason is that the other clubs finally went out and did something about building themselves up instead. The rest of the American League, or at least parts of it, are actually beginning to catch up, unbelievable as this may sound.

Of the nine men in the starting lineup for the Yankees the day the 1965 season opened, seven of them are still on the team. On no other team in the league are there more than three. And the important thing is, not only are the newcomers different, they are better, too.

While New York has produced only Howard and Kubek and Siebern to play on a more or less regular basis in recent seasons, the other clubs have been coming up with boys like Rocky Colavito, Russ Nixon, Gary Bell, Mudge Grant and Jim Perry at Cleveland; Luis Aparicio, Jim Landis, John Callison, Barry Latman and Bob Shaw at Chicago; Willie Yazby, Billy O'Dell, Jerry Walker and Mike Pappas at Baltimore; Harmon Kille-

brew and Bob Allison at Washington; Roger Maris at Kansas City; Jim Bunning at Detroit. Not all of these were home-grown but the farm systems were at least producing the material needed to make deals.

The Yankees, of course, did not have to change so many faces because the ones they had were already good enough. Yet you cannot stand still, even with a winner, and in the long run this overabundance of material right on the Yankee roster began to work against them, too. With so many good ones, the Yankees simply couldn't find jobs for all their players. Some had to go. Now the ex-Yankees are coming back to haunt them.

Cleveland has Woodie Held, Vic Power and Billy Martin. Baltimore has Gus Triandos and Gene Woodling; Kansas City has Bob Cerv, Hal Smith, Bob Grze and Whitey Herzog; Boston has Jackie Jensen; Chicago has Sherm Lollar; Detroit has Lou Berberet. These are others, too. Not all of these could make the Yankee lineup but each has contributed a great deal to the club for which he plays.

"This is a much better league than it was a year ago," says Al Lopez of the White Sox. "Take Washington. They're getting good pitching and they have some young fellows in there doing a real good job. It's amazing what a couple of youngsters like Killebrew and Allison can do for a ballclub. Sometimes a team will reach the point where all it takes is just one more player to make the difference. That's the point some of the teams in this league have reached now."

"I would say," says Lopez, "that some teams have already caught up."

Perhaps not everyone believes this or that the Yankees will stay down. Yankee fans, buoyed up by the almost insufferable assurance bred by years of Yankee success, are only worried, not downcast. In Las Vegas, the odds have never been worse than even money that the Yankees will win again. The season is a long one and, over 154 games, the good ones usually end up at the top. The Yankees have come from behind before.

Still, there is a difference this year. The Yankees, even when they win—and they do not win very often—have not played good ball. They have lost eight one-run games and five that went into extra innings.

"They are beating themselves," says Lopez, "and good ball clubs do not do that."

KIND



MR. WONDERFUL, Casey Stengel, deathly afraid of being Ryan Dunn, Don Lusk, Whitey Ford and outfielder Norm Sieben from a solitary vantage in Yankee Stadium's left-field bullpen. The Yankees had postponed their game with the long-suffering Cleveland Indians, and shortly before the run left on The Bronx, Casey crumpled up, muttering, almost incoherently, 402 feet from home plate, perhaps to escape the photographers and writers, perhaps to ponder the dark miracles of seventh place. It was yet another black week for the huge World Champions; even broadcaster Phil Rizzuto dropped a foul pop in the radio booth,



WONDERFUL
WORLD
OF SPORT

THE HIGH
AND
THE MIRED

MR. WONDERFUL, Henry Aaron, wields his longship but in County Stadium to golf a single to center. The Braves outfielder has two major properties and two flaws, one showing him in a slump, the other when he's hot. When anything goes wrong, Aaron sits in the dark between the swinging prospects. Aaron hasn't been in the dark this year, for at week's end he was batting .463, had a 25-game hitting streak, 10 homers and 32 RBIs. Aaron explained his resilience: "You got to have confidence. You got to be real comfortable and relaxed. You got to have luck and you got to attack the ball. You can't let the ball attack you."



WOMEN'S WORLD CUP

ALL OUT FOR 'FUTEBOL' IN RIO

MORE BRAZILIANS would rather win a soccer game than a war for, in Brazil, national enthusiasm for the game known as futebol makes the fanaticism of rabid sports fans elsewhere in the world seem apathetic by comparison. In Rio de Janeiro the world's largest sports arena, Maracanã Stadium, stands virtually empty for every other kind of athletic contest, but during a foot-



THE BRAZILIAN TEAM SCORES FOR THE SECOND TIME AFTER 18 MINUTES OF PLAY AS BRAZILIAN FORWARD HENRIQUE GIVES THE BALL



ball game its 155,000 seats are filled to overflowing, with sometimes as many as 50,000 more fans cramming all available standing room. The field itself is isolated from the stands by a wide moat to prevent an even greater spillage of spectators and possible mayhem.

Shown here in Maracana Stadium as wildly enthusiastic Brazilian fans burst from its every nook, Brazil's

world championship prize are beating a team of visiting British all-stars by a tense 2-0. As the game proceeded, with the Brazilians in command all the way, one visiting British player, not irreverently, in the direction of the world-famous statue of the Savior which crowns Corcovado Hill (at right), "I wish," he murmured with some fervor, "that we could call Him in as a substitute."



A MIGHTY KICK, SLIPS AND FALLS TO THE GROUND, THEN WATCHES IN LAUGHING GLEE AS THE BALL SLIDES PAST THE BRITISH GOALIE

SHERBET FOR THE WINNER

THREE career girls of professional golf added a new event to their circuit the other day: the \$5,000 National Ladies Invitational at Southern Pines. Since the sponsor is the eminent ice-cream maker Howard Johnson, Winner Joyce Zike was presented with a trophy bowl full of, natch, orange sherbet (see below)—210 scoops of it, or one for each of Joyce's strokes for 54 holes. Her excellent score, which equaled the Ladies' Professional Golf Association record, brought Joyce's money winnings at halfway mark this season to \$5,608.04, fifth among professional women golfers.

Career Girls Marie Mackenzie and Katy Whitworth, eight, who posed Joyce in eating the sherbet at Southern Pines, are not yet in the money for just barely in. Marie, who started playing golf at 15 in St. Petersburg, Fla., who's now 21, joined the circuit last year, and her biggest winning to date amounts to a seventh-place \$375. Katy, from Jal, N. Mex., is in her first year on the circuit. She is backed by a four-man group, including her father, which pays her \$5,000 a year and collects half her winnings. So far they have got back 305. The circuit's biggest prize, as both girls agree, parking and unparking.



MARIE MACKENZIE AND KATY WHITWORTH PACK FOR TOUR'S NEXT STOP

WINNER JOYCE ZIKE RECEIVES SHERBET FROM ICE-CREAM MAKER HOWARD JOHNSON JR. AFTER SOUTHERN PINES VICTORY



SPIKING TO VICTORY

FIRST WORLD balls zipped through the air like streaking comets. Defiantly the back-row antennas hunted their speed and finger-led them toward the forecourt. They crunched the spikers, scratching as the balls flailed down, then springing up to slam them forward over the eight-foot-high nets. On service, is a tactic that may be new since you played the game yourself, the seeing sides turned arms-up screens to hide the course of the ball as long as possible. And so it went for four days in Des Moines' North High School, where 54 volleyball teams from all over the U.S. had come to punch out national championships.

The outcome in the women's open division followed the nat. pre-tournament predictions. For the fifth straight time the winners were the Santa Monica (Calif.) Mariners, and referee chose six of them for the 12-woman squad which will represent the U.S. at the Pan American Games this summer. Said blonde Jean Gaertner, 26, the top U.S. woman player: "It was the same old thing for us. All we do again."

First demonstrated in the 1890s in the Springfield, Mass. YMCA, the birthplace of basketball, organized volleyball is now played by a million and a half Americans, but has had its greatest development in Southern California, and that area now dominates U.S. championship play. The Hollywood YMCA Stars won the men's open division, the Hollywood Comets won the masters' division, and the Los Alamitos (Calif.) naval air station won the armed forces division. "People used to think volleyball was a game for fat girls," said the Stars' strapping Bill Gason, "but they don't think that in Southern California any more." After seeing the national championships, they don't think that in Des Moines any more.

CALIFORNIA DOMINANCE of U.S. volleyball was reflected in women's division as Santa Monica Mariners won their sixth U.S. title.



SPINED BALL WHISTLES OFF THE FIST OF SANTA MONICA'S JEAN GAERTNER



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Which Twin Is



The Yankee?



BACK in Nero's day, the Roman sports fan was a pretty uncomplicating character. All he asked of a Saturday afternoon at the Colosseum was a pride of good, hungry lions, a handful of scrappy Christians and a good seat. He had little doubt about the way the thing would turn out. Barring some occasional Androcles to stage a fluke, the lions always won and the Christians always lost.

The modern American baseball fan is somewhat harder to please. He is, in fact, approximately as fickle, as fussy and as fastidious as a gourmet with a gastric ulcer. He is a perennial champion of the underdog, provided the dog stays under, and he loves a winner, just as long as the winner doesn't win too much. An evening perfectionist and a sentimental slob at one and the same time, he is utterly intolerant of bumbling in-

competence and acridly derisive of skilled self-confidence. In his highest evolutionary form, in fact, he is not a fan at all, but an antifan.

For several seasons now—or has it been several centuries?—the most enthusiastic antilions, and hence the most ardent baseball lovers, in the U.S. have found their inspiration in the apparent and infuriating invincibility of the New York Yankees. Because the Yankees possessed all those qualities the Yankee hater most admired in the national game, the Yankee hater had to hate them. After all they left him nothing to hope for. Their invincibility was not a mere partisan wish but an ugly fact, as inevitable as the 90 feet that separate the bases on an official diamond, and as much a part of baseball. Whatever was right or wrong with baseball could be blamed somehow on the fact

that the Yankees were too damn powerful. In their 20th century Bronx amphitheater, these perennial league leaders strode as arrogantly and indefeasibly as Nero's lions, and all the other teams in either league were at best poor Christians, armored with hope and faith but doomed to martyrdom.

The whole point and purpose of organized major league baseball in the U.S. was, in its simplest statement, to get the Yankees. Then came the year 1959.

We have no exact way of knowing from this point in history just how the fans lined up in the Rome of Nero's day. We think it is fairly safe to say they were probably pro-Christian for the most part, with the lion fans restricted to a few surly experts with a connoisseur's eye for artistic dismemberment. The lions, we feel, got the applause; the Christians got the cheers. They did, that is, until they began winning. There is solid historical evidence to show that the whole balance of ancient sentiment began falling apart pretty badly once the Christians foresook their underdog role. Is some such epochal change, we now ask ourselves, facing U.S. baseball?

The New York Yankees of 1959, as the lead article in this magazine explains in some detail, are certainly acting very little like lions.

The fact is they more closely resemble treed alley cats.

Beaten and bruised by even such habitual basement dwellers as the Washington Senators and the Detroit Tigers, the team that was never once headed in last year's pennant race now bobbles along in seventh place, losing game after game. Attendance was bad at ball parks all over the U.S. (with the exception of the exceptional West Coast) in 1959 because

—said the Yankee haters—the Yanks were too good. This year attendance is down even farther—by 383,459 in the National League, but it is up in both the American League as a whole and in the Yankees' own stadium. The fans are plainly starving for the scent of blood, but whose blood, we wonder, do they want to see flow. Where do the antifans stand now? Are Mr. Stengel's boys still lions to be jeered at and crowed over as they lurk in a corner of temporary defeat awaiting the moment to pounce again and strike terror into the hearts of all of us? Or are they now Christian martyrs doomed to certain defeat and hence worthy of our cheers?

Yankee hater! Yankee pitier! Quo vadis?

Voire of the Bella

At 11:14 a.m. one hazy, sunbiny day last week, Donald Campbell, an old teddy bear in the cockpit alongside him for luck, left the base jetty on England's Lake Coniston to break his world water-speed record of 248.62 mph.

"Feel your way," said Chief Mechanic Leo Villa over the radiotelephone, and Bluebird was off in a shower of spray on the first of two runs over the measured kilometer. At 11:19 the timekeepers signaled Campbell that his downlake speed had been 275.15 mph; excellent. At 11:22, Villa signaled that the wash had smoothed and gave Campbell clearance for the return dash. "Take it easy, old man," he said.

Bluebird jetted uplake in its own spray cloud again and passed the kilometer marker. Over the radiotelephone came the voice of Campbell in mild discouragement: "Afraid I have missed it. I was slow."

Back went a cheery message from shore to Campbell: "Turn again, Whittington!"

Doubletalk? Not to Campbell, a fellow who saves teddy bears and remembers his childhood stories. He had done 245.55 mph on the return dash, for an average of 260.55 and a new world record. And the shore had given him Dick Whittington's old assurance, as in the ball version of Bow Church, that he was a viceroy for Lord Mayor of London.

"Well, I never," said Donald Campbell.

Tokyo in 1965?

THE world of sport is having one of its quadrennial elections next week. The scene is Munich, the electors are the 66-odd members of the International Olympic Committee (Avery Brundage, president), first prize is the right to play host to the 1964 summer Olympics and the candidates are Detroit, Tokyo, Vienna and Brussels. Election Day is on or about May 25, and a simple plurality will decide. Here's a condensed digest:

VIENNA and BRUSSELS are given very little chance to win, especially under a voting procedure which tends to settle everything on the first ballot. If IOC rules required an outright majority for a choice, and thus encouraged the emergence of a compromise candidate from a smoke-filled room, Vienna and Brussels could be taken as serious dark horses. In the circumstances, put them both down as cities really anxious to play host to the Olympics of 1968, 1972 or thereafter.

DETROIT has been an earnest bidder for the summer Olympics ever since the mid-'30s. Detroit asked for the Olympics of 1936 (awarded to Adolf Hitler's Berlin), for those of 1940 (awarded to Tokyo and then postponed), those of 1944 (again postponed), those of 1948 (awarded to London), those of 1952 (awarded to Helsinki), those of 1956 (awarded to Melbourne) and those of 1960

(awarded to Rome). Fred Matthaei, Detroit industrialist, who has led every campaign since the mid-'30s, will be leading the Detroit delegation in Munich again next week. Don't count him out. For one reason, the elements of the IOC, who include such old-school characters as Grace Kelly's father-in-law, Prince Pierre of Monaco, are inclined to lend a courteous ear to any city that has offered its hospitality for a generation.

For another reason, Russia and her assorted Iron Curtain colleagues could conceivably go right down the line for Detroit. Admittedly, this involves a species of Kremlin-gazing which has proved risky on other fronts. But the argument goes like this: Red China is likely to be outside the Olympics looking in again because of Red China's refusal (as at Melbourne) to take part in the same Games with Formosa's Nationalist Chinese. (The Russians are all set to make a losing fuss about this at Munich.) Now Detroit's chief rival for 1964 is Tokyo, and the argument goes that Russia would rather see the Olympics in Detroit than in Tokyo if, in sight of all Asia, Chiang Kai-shek and Co. turned up on the inside again, with Mao Tse-tung and Co. on the outside.

TOKYO nonetheless has to be called the preference favorite. Why? Because Japan has never had the Olympics. Because the head of

continued

They Said It

SAM SNEAD, 48, after shooting a record-breaking 53 in his own golf festival at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.: "I always wanted to break 50 in two-summer play before I hang up my sticks. Now that I've done it, I'm not going to hang up those sticks after all."

MARION KILLBREW, Washington Senator third baseman, on how it feels to be making good on the same team as his boyfriend (and fellow-Johnson): the legendary Walter Johnson: "Now I'm on his team. It's still a dream. Herman Killbrew and Walter Johnson. 50/50, isn't it?"

LEVEKETT BALTONSTALL, Senator from Massachusetts, on his general physical condition 15 years after he and Harvard classmates became the first Americans ever to win Britain's Grand Challenge Cup: "My wind is wonderful. How else could it be in my line of work?"

FRANK LANE of the Cleveland Indians, keeping warm on the New York Yankees for entering a game on the basis of a few drops of rain and a weather forecast: "I told everybody this spring that the Yankees weren't invincible. Now they're invincible. You can't find them to play these."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

the Tokyo delegation to Munich next week will be the distinguished Governor (i.e., Mayor) of Tokyo, Dr. Ryutaro Asanuma, eminent 64-year-old physician, onetime rowing coach of the University of Tokyo, onetime president of Japan's Amateur Athletic Association. Educated in London, a confident speaker and a member, no less, of the International Olympic Committee, Ryutaro Asanuma will lead his Munich delegation with a mixture of persuasive oratory and a sound approach to fundamental vote-getting. Since January Asanuma has had legates touring Asia, Latin America and Europe, including Moscow, Warsaw, Prague and Budapest, to lobby for Tokyo in 1984. Nobody else has thought of such old-fashioned salesmanship.

"Personally," says Asanuma, "I believe Tokyo will get the Games." On an old grass-roots basis, you almost have to go along with Asanuma.

Man vs. Moray

TELEGRAPHIC suggestion to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED from Miami Correspondent William Shelton: YOU MIGHT WANT TO COVER PLANNED MORAY EEL MASSACRE BY 50 TO 60 SKIN DIVERS OFF FORT LAUDERDALE SATURDAY. MORAYS ARE PROBABLY WILDEST ENEMY OF SKIN DIVERS AND ARE VIOLENT RETALIATORY STRIKERS. IDEA IS TO ELIMINATE AS MANY MORAYS AS POSSIBLE FROM SKIN-DIVING WATERS.

Memo of opinion from Associate Editor Coles Phipps, skin diver:

"Trust we will do nothing about this except protest. Idea of 50 skin divers setting forth to clean out moray eels is like setting forth to exterminate the last of the black bears from the Adirondacks. A bear will rip the hell out of a human if cornered or surprised, or if wounded and trapped. A moray will do the same; if you drive aspear through his body it makes him mad and he wants to bite, which is just what any living creature should want to do.

"There is absolutely no evidence that the eel is doing anything more than its evolutionary duty of keeping all manner of things in balance. I have dived at night when eels are freely

swimming about, and eels, like most others, avoid you. If you stick a hand or foot into an eel's cranny, he will clamp down. If someone stuck a hand or foot into my cranny at 216 Token-wake Road, Darien, Conn. I would do the same."

Wise from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to Miami: RE YOUR SUGGESTION, WOULD LIKE DETAILS AND RATIONALIZATION OF MORAY FORAY.

Resulting dispatch:

"A few hours after 29 members of the Florida Skin Divers Association completed their first moray massacre tournament in waters off Fort Lauderdale, a conservation-minded sportsman (me) approached three of the divers and asked the boys if they didn't think they might be upsetting the balance of nature.

"No," said J. C. Jones. "I don't think we're upsetting the balance of nature . . . not when you catch just two eels."

"Maybe those eels read the papers," said A. L. Honaker, who spent a fruitless four and a half hours in the water.

"What was the reason for the eel hunt?"

"A number of divers have been bit by eels," said Andy Torony. He admitted that the moray rarely attacks unless provoked. "But sometimes you get attacked when you're not hunting them. You could be looking for lobsters down there and

never see the moray, they blend so closely in the reefs."

"But why the massacre attempt?"

"Well, it's like this," Torony said. "We are hosts to this quarterly meeting of the Florida Skin Divers Association. They wanted to have some sort of tournament, so we decided to try a moray eel hunt. We took the moray because it's a fish that fights back. . . . The moray is a good, sporting fish to pick on. Another reason we picked the moray was to build up good will. Skin diving is rated the lowest type of fishing there is. The moray, now, devours lots of fish in the reefs, and we're out there trying to conserve fish, not deplete them."



The last thing an honest skin diver wants to do is catch more fish than he can eat. They're a vicious thing, morays. . . .

"Does the moray have the right to fight back?"

"Absolutely," said Torony. "Every right in the world. And they do."

"Torony said the divers had planned to make the moray hunt an annual affair. After the day's events he wasn't so certain: 'We may decide to switch to barracudas instead. Probably make a better showing, anyway. The barracuda's a fish that needs to be cleaned out.'"

I'll Cry Tomorrow

IT WAS Bob Friend talking; half I talking to himself, maybe; Bob Friend, the still young, handsome, strong-wristed Golden Boy of the Pittsburgh Pirates' pining staff, the Golden Boy whose gold had somehow lost its shine. "Look," he said with just a hint of truculence as the reporter approached, "I know what you want. You want to know what's wrong. How come Bob Friend, who won 22 games last season, hasn't won any yet this year? Well, the answer is I don't know. My arm feels good. I'm throwing as well as ever. The guys say



Western Torties

Official Starter Two-gun Pete Can throw up a dull track meet; He fires a blank to start the race, Then fire real shots to speed the pace.

—HARVEY L. CARTER

I got good stuff. I've had good stuff five out of seven times. I have been hit hard only twice even though I've lost six. I've just got to hang in there to all."

Pitcher Friend puffed agitatedly on his cigar. He stared at the ceiling of the hotel coffee room as he put his thoughts in order.

"This thing goes in streaks," he observed. "Good Lord, I lost five in a row last year. But because I had won a lot of games—I was nine and four, I believe, at the time—no one made a big thing out of it. But you're not supposed to lose a game if you won 23 the year before. You're supposed to win. You get off to a bad start and it seems all the more revealing."

He flicked ashes off his cigar. "The fans have been boohing me a little bit. Not on the field. They're very encouraging on the field, and I don't get the feeling they're holding their breath for me. But there are things like Klu (Ted Kluszewski) noticing I'm rooming with Paul Giel. . . . Paul has been having his troubles, too, this year. So Klu wants us to break up rooming together. 'What-ever you are talking about, it's not doing you any good. You guys are putting each other in a slump.' Of course, you understand, it's just kidding. The other guys kid a little bit, but they say, 'Gee, if you can just win one of these things, you'll be on your way.'"

Friend paused to relight his cigar. "But I plan to win a few ball games. I'm not figuring to get down now. If I were 35 or 36 years old and had a sore arm, I'd be worried. But I'm 28 and my arm feels fine.

"Three or four years ago, it might have gotten me down. I would have been in rough shape mentally. But I've been in this game long enough now—nine years—to know things can go the other way just as easily. I



"Would you mind opening your back door? I'd like to play through."

should have won three games at least. In two games I blew three-run leads. Now look at it this way: say I win three ball games, we're ahead of Cincinnati, aren't we?"

Friend went on. "It's frustrating as hell to feel good and have stuff and go out there and be ahead of most of the hitters but still find that every bad pitch costs you. Every bad pitch I have made has cost me. Sometimes you get away with a lot of bad pitches. The hitter isn't always ready. But he's ready for me.

"Actually, the hardest I have been

hit this year was in my second game against Cincinnati. Even balls that were caught were hit hard. Once Cincinnati got five runs in one inning, and the Cincinnati players said they never saw me with better stuff. But Cincinnati is tough in that ball park of theirs. Jerry Lynch hurt me. No, I'm not unusually susceptible to left-hand hitters. I got a sinking fast ball that's kinda tough for them to hit out of there."

He paused and watched the note-taking, then suddenly looked up. "Look," he said, "you're not going to make this out a sad story, are you? I mean, I feel confident. I'm not crying in my beer. I don't go along with this hard-luck business. I feel this way: I'm going to get out of it. It's just a question of which game now. You remember Frank Lary of Detroit was four and 10 at the All-Star Game in 1956 and he wound up winning 21. As soon as I get that first one, I'll be O.K."

Decision in Texas

LEWIS QUALLS of Houston, the seven-foot honor student and basketball star who we were telling you about (SI, April 20), has finally made his choice among the 64 colleges that have been after him: Texas A&M. Why? Well, among other things, of all the colleges he visited, Texas A&M was the only one thoughtful enough to show him an eight-foot bed.

PREVIEW

A PIONEER CAR GETS SET FOR INDY

In the tense days of qualifications before the Indianapolis '500, Car Builder George Salih and Driver Jim Bryan tuned up No. 6 for a third straight win

by KENNETH RUDEEN

ONCE upon a time a young Californian named George Salih put together a Ford automobile almost entirely with parts taken from junked cars, at a total cost of \$4.80. In those Depression days of fantastic price wars he could buy gasoline for as little as 2 1/2¢ a gallon and drive all day on an 8¢ supply.

In 1957, with prices and his sights a good deal higher, Salih went \$18,000 into hock to build a radical new car for the Indianapolis 500-mile race. Nobody had seen anything like it; the Offenhauser engine lay on its right side, at an angle of only 18° from the horizontal.

Salih (rhymes with rally) tried to peddle the car for \$30,000, with a trailer and his services as race mechanic thrown in, but he had no luck, even though "one man walked back and forth for several days, looking at it, with a check in his hand."

And so George Frank Salih kept the car and won the '500," with Sam Hanks driving it at a record

average speed of 135.664 mph. Then he won it again last year with Jim Bryan driving, at 133.791 mph, and he is attempting to win it again this May 30 with lug Jim in the co-segment one more.

All told, counting a second place in the Mosca '500 last year, the car has won \$224,800 and has stamped Salih as the most influential Indianapolis design man of the day; for no fewer than 14 of this year's 61 entries have the Salih-inspired "side-winder" engine pattern.

If success has grossly improved Salih's credit rating, it has failed so far to make him a tranquil man at Indianapolis time. Meticulous to a fault, he packed the customary hall-pint jar of aspirin tablets along with his wrenches against the annual month-long grind of testing, qualifying and, finally, racing at the Speedway. Salih is as calm as the next man and calmer than most: no cooler head will be found in the pits next week on Memorial Day—but the

expensive pastime game of musical chairs called time trials would make even Perry Como jumpy.

When the first qualifying day arrived—last Saturday—a glance at the speedway's wind-swept banners and at the thermometer quashed talk of the sensational speeds so freely predicted the day before. A hot, still day would have been ideal. Drivers hate wind as much as bullfighters do and need a warm racing surface for the best traction and best speeds. The going would be tricky on this windy, chilly day.

ONE FATAL ACCIDENT

No driver needed to be reminded that the track could invoke the harshest punishment for any bad judgment or bad luck.

One unlucky driver, 28-year-old Jerry Unser, had already been fatally burned in an accident that occurred during early practice—after amazingly escaping with minor injuries when his car went over the



OWNER-BUILDER, MECHANIC GEORGE SALIH (ON LEFT) PASSES



ALONG A FEW FINAL INSTRUCTIONS TO DRIVER BRYAN BEFORE PRACTICE RUN

remains returning wall on last year's terrible first-lap mass accident.

Admittedly, everyone was acutely aware that racing has just endured one of its worst years for driver fatalities, both here and abroad. Speedway President Tony Hulman moved to restore the old "500" start after two unhappy experiences with an alternate method. The United States Auto Club, sanctioning organization for the "500," made roll bars mandatory on all 1978 entries. After the time needed it was required that all drivers wear flameproof coveralls.

It is doubtful, however, that Saturday's competitors were mulling over particular accidents or anti-dowms, even after the 1978 leg car driving champion, the impossible veteran Tony Bettenhausen, slipped his car a few minutes before the trials were to begin. Probably saved by his roll bar, Bettenhausen was pulled from the wreckage unhurt. He calculated that it was the 28th time he had been upside down in a racing ac-

cident, and he added that as long as he could count the accidents he was all right. The other drivers inquired anxiously about Bettenhausen until told he was unharmed, and then went about their business.

Three episodes stood out among Saturday's accomplishments: the comeback of an old rampager, a duel between the brothers Rathmann and a sweet victory for a gritty little Scotsman in a peignoir-pink car.

The old rampager was Fuzzy Carter, 45, veteran of eight "500s" when he retired after the 1955 race to become director of competition for the new USAC. Replaced this year by Henry Banks, Carter signed on in the black and gold career entered jointly by Henry Stroding, Yonick, a salty Daytona Beach racing mechanic; Arthur B. Lathrop, an Indianapolis lawyer; and Lathrop's partner in racing, D. Coleman Glover, a businessman from Moline, Ill. Carter lined up first to qualify and accepted a speed that was considered

slow, considering his layoff, but slowest of the day—143,796 mph for the four laps.

The Rathmanns are legions, swift and determined drivers. Each of them has a splendid mount—Jim, a new car built by the California wizard A. J. Watson; Dick, the Watson he placed on the pole last year at a record speed of 145,974. Jim had just rounded out a big year at Daytona Beach in April by doubly assuring himself of the title of world's fastest driver. Having won the Monza "500" at a record of 146.72 mph, he won again at Daytona, with an astonishing speed of 179,291. His lap of 147.04 mph at Indy was fastest of all in practice for the "500." Scrapping for the pole at the Brickyard, the Rathmanns shrugged off initial runs that weren't up to expectations and then streaked around at speeds that put Jim in third place for the day and Dick fourth.

The Rathmann boys were puzzled and chastened that they had not been able to outdo the pink blur driven by our Scotsman, Johnny Thomson. As for Thomson, he was a bit embarrassed that he wasn't driven as smoothly as he would have liked to. The car owners, race men Lathrop and Glover again, put aside that nonsense and were properly ecstatic. Lathrop had been mulling on air for days, mulling that things were working out nicely after much misery in past years, murmuring, "Everything seems to be clicking," knocking on all nearby wood. Lathrop, by the way, is perhaps the only Indianapolis car owner who ever contemplated treating philosophy. Thomson, a Massachusetts-born veteran with a down-East twang and plenty of philosophy in his tight fist, eventually won the pole at a speed of 145,908 mph and set a one-lap record of 146.62 mph on the way. His car is a new and very special side-scooter built by Laps-Levinsky of Los Angeles. The engine is laid over to the left, not the right.

In the midst of all the commotion the builder of the most famous side-scooter of them all was paring, tuning, adjusting, conferring—but George Salts finally sent the beautifully finished, bright yellow No. 4 back to the garage. Bryan had not approached a really competitive speed; they would try again the next day. Down the line, another driving star, Pat Flaherty, entered for the

(continued)

first time since his 1955 victory and subsequent accident, was racing no better a day, despite the lucky green thimble on his helmet.

"Sometimes it scares me," Salih had said not long before, "to think of the risks I took to build this car. I was working as foreman of one of the Meyer & Drake shops, where the Offy engines are built. I used to doodle race cars on napkins, loose-leaf paper, anything. Every time I'd doodle, the car would come out looking like this one. The more I studied the shape it was taking, the better it looked. Finally it became an obsession with me. Actually, I had to lay the engine over to fit the shape of the car I wanted."

Hanks and Bryan, of course, proved the functional soundness of the design—lower center of gravity, smaller frontal area—in their victories.

"I'm not a gambler in the usual sense of the word, but I'll gamble on anything that will test my skill or faith," Salih will tell you. "I had enough confidence in myself to go pretty deeply into debt to build the car. Luckily my wife went along with the gamble."

An old hand at Indianapolis, hav-

ing been show maniac in the Lee Wallard victory in 1951, Salih assembled a topflight pit crew and seen his own car come out of the pits—only pit stop on his 100-lap race—on time during the three compulsory stops to refuel and change tires can win it. Last year Salih & Co. averaged just 30 seconds for each stop—an amazing performance.

STOPS TIME-UP

After returning from Monza last summer Salih decided to shoot for a still better pit-stop performance. Ever since 1955 he had been developing a novel air-jack system he believed would make it possible. This became part of Salih's \$2,000 "tune-up" for the needle-nosed car, called the Behind-AP Muffler Special after its sponsor. (Sponsors of Indianapolis races pay the owner \$2,000 and upward for the publicity value; five-star cars can command more than \$5,000.)

It was some tune-up. Working in a small shop adjoining his home in Whittier, Calif., Salih stripped the car. The frame was put in a furnace to be stress-relieved. Paint was removed from body panels, plating from plated parts. All engine parts except block and crankcase were replaced, as were

all other elements of the "strut line," the parts involved in the transmission of motion power to the rear wheels. All critical parts were tested for stress. The engine was rebuilt and tuned to develop about 280 to 285 hp, 1 to 1.15 liters more than last year.

Aside from modifying the steering geometry as a contingency, Salih made only one significant change in the chassis, but it is a corker. This is an arrangement of four slender but sturdy steel legs, which descend through the underpan when compressed nitrogen is released into a tube at the side of the car. Making the usual hand jacks unnecessary, these jacks—called nitrogen jacks—lift the car for tire changing in eight-tenths of a second. Ever the perfectionist, Salih figures the gimmick will save him four to seven precious seconds at each pit stop. Bettenhausen's car, incidentally, had a similar but fractionally slower setup.

Ready at last to try for an unprecedented third straight victory, Salih organized his crew—part of it to assemble later, as needed—and arrived when the gates of the speedway opened May 1.

This is the mother and father of all veteran crews and it eschews experience. For Co-Mechanic Howard Gilbert, one of the most gifted men at the Brickyard, next week's race will be his 12th; "Geeb," his race engineer, to change the left rear tire. For Earl Frenchy Sirois his 10th; "500"; he'll handle the nitrogen hose and change the left front tire when necessary. The list continues in the same vein: Companion Sandy Beland will be refueling his 10th race; Chuck Blanchard, an Eastern Airlines pilot, steering his ninth; Joe Petrak, right rear wheel, his 10th; Joe Scallia, right front, his 11th; Jack Ventura, general helper, his 10th. Salih will manage the refueling and plot race strategy.

Through the month Salih and Gilbert have adjusted, readjusted and re-adjusted enough untuned detail on the pretty yellow car to give a Swiss watchmaker the screaming screams.

But you must qualify to race in the "500." As time ran out on the first weekend, George Salih ran a race through his shining, graying hair, thoughtfully stroked his lean, weathered face and then walked back to the garage to nibble supper and think. His race-champion car had still not made the lineup, but no one doubted it would.

END



DRIVER THOMPSON (LEFT) AND OWNER LATHROP WON CORESTED POLE POSITION



R

obert the Bruce arrives at the field
of Bannockburn

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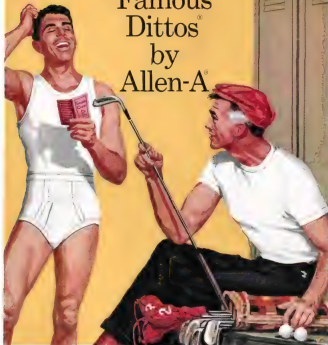
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HERBERT WARREN WIND continues with the correspondence of Harry Sprague, that barely fictional and extremely brilliant young golf pro. In this second series of letters to his sponsor, Harry tells how he almost won at Pensacola, and what he said to Bob Jones at Augusta

Bob Jones and I had a little talk...

St. Petersburg, Florida
March 18, 1959

Mr. Ance A. Tabor
Old Denmark Hotel
Christiansted
St. Croix, Virgin Islands

Dear Mr. Tabor,

Well, here I am back at the old stand, giving out dictation again, which your boy can afford to do again after my big week in the Pensacola Open. The steno is going to send this letter to the foreign address you wrote you are staying at. I could make some cracks about that address, Mr. Tabor, but you are my sponsor so I guess you know what you are doing, if you don't mind my saying so.

That tie for second at Pensacola was worth over 1,000 bucks which is the most money old Harry Sprague has ever owned at one time in my life. Of course, you can say that I ought to be humiliated with myself for blowing a two (2) stroke lead on the last round, but tying for second place in any of these tournaments is no disgrace. Am I right? Thanks for your congratulations on that telegram. I received four (4) other telegrams, including one (1) from a golf ball manufacturing company offering me a contract to sign up with and another one (1) from my girl friend from Phoenix, Helene Dahlborg. Helene said she was thrilled which I was glad to hear, since when a friendly blonde who owns a private patio still remembers a guy two (2) months later, that ain't bad at all.

I have just got sort of a funny smile

from the steno who is taking my dictation here after dictating her that last sentence. Miss Ada Braston is her name and she is so young compared to local St. Pete standards you would expect to find her living in some live place like Clearwater. There are certainly a lot of veteran people here in this city. I am staying with Vickary and Grissom at a motel on the beach called The Fountain of Youth Motel, and all I can say is that no one there has apparently sat down at that fountain and ordered a drink for a very very long time. There is one woman there who is maybe sixty-one (61), sixty-two (62), and you never saw anyone queen it around like she does, and she gets away with it since she is like a Mann Act case compared with the other members of the feminine sex at the motel. They play cards or they shuffle around playing shuffle



board most of the time, which I will try once the tournament is over seeing as how I don't want to risk losing my groove now that I have finally latched on to it.

I had expected you would be coming up to St. Pete and I could give you a blow by blow in person about how I blew the tournament at Pensacola, but as you're not coming up, I will tell you all about it now. As you know, I was sixty-seven (67), sixty-eight (68),

sixty-seven (67) on my first three (3) rounds which gave me a three (3) stroke lead on the field. Now the funny thing is that I wasn't hitting the ball really good. I was not flying it a mile off the tee. I wasn't throwing it next to the pins on my approaches, and I wasn't sinking too many long ones. "Why are you suddenly scoring so well?" I asked myself one night. Well, all I could figure out was that I just wasn't hitting any real bad shots and when I hit a real good shot I cashed in on it. It's all very puzzling because I have hit the ball much sharper on many rounds when I was seventy-two (72), seventy-three (73).

"Jim, I guess perhaps the secret is I am getting meaner," I said to Jim Turnesa after the presentation ceremonies at Pensacola. "No, Harry," Jim says. "You are not getting meaner, you are just getting angrier. You act like you've been going to night school." You see, Mr. Tabor, no one knows why all of a sudden a guy starts scoring, except that this week all my old buddies keep ribbing me when they see me. "Hey, here comes a real putter," they say, like I couldn't hit any other shot in the bag. It's just like I told you.

But my old buddies were terrific last week when I needed them. Howie Johnson drove me out to the club to play the last round. Howie said there are cases on record where driving a car has hurt a hot golfer's game, because he is keyed up with extra adrenalin shots. Or something like that. Anyhow, he starts gripping the steering wheel too tight and then later on

continued

he grips his clubs too tight and loses it. Howie tried to relax me by talking about everything in the world but golf, which was very considerate of him and also of the other fellows who all wanted to see me hang in there. Al Beaslink for example, asked me if I wanted to borrow his one (1) iron. "Where will I get a chance to use a one (1) iron on this track?" I said to Beasy. "You got to be prepared for any emergency, son," Beasy said. "If that is the case, Beasy," I said to him, "what I should borrow is your address book." That is a famous book which is almost as thick as the golf rule book but is much more interesting to read, if you follow me. When I said to Beasy I wanted to borrow it, it showed him how loose I was.

But I wasn't loose at all out there and I must have looked it. I was playing with Al Mengert and Bob Gosalby, and when I started the last nine (9), Al's father, Pop Mengert, who is following the tour, asked me on the twelfth (12th) hole if I wanted him to run across the street to the drug store and get me some tranquilizer pills. This was very nice of Pop, but what I needed was a set of Hogan's nerves and since they don't sell them at a drug store there was no need for anyone to make a trip. Anyhow, on the last nine (9), as you read in the



papers, I went par, boge, par, par, boge, par, boge, boge, boge. I got so tight off the tee I was blocking everything out and I was so weak on my approaches from the rough I was having to get down in two (2) from sixty (60) or seventy (70) feet and your boy just didn't have it, which is the frank side of it. I threw away a stroke here and a stroke there and I was lucky I didn't throw away any more. I am not trying to be modest, but I can see where I have got to learn reasoning before I can be a winner, because you have got to have first-class management and no one was keeping the score for me at Pensacola.

I mentioned this in my speech at the presentation ceremonies which got me a big hand. I wasn't Bob Hope

out there at the mike but I kept my head and remembered to thank the greenskeeper. I also said I was ready to challenge Sam Snead on All-Star Golf, because I had detected a loop in his back swing and wanted to get at old Sam before he got well again. You got to be light like this when you talk into a mike, so if you ever have to address anybody at a convention, Mr. Tabor, take this tip from me and be sure to yank it up like a real pro.

Yours golfingly,
Harry Sprague
Asst. Pro, Otter Lake, C.C.

April 5 1959

Mr. Amos A Tabor
"Dunwoolin"
Red Snapper Lakes
Florida

Dear Mr Tabor

I see by your stationery that you are back in your house in Florida. So you were looking over a piece of land in that Carribsene Island for building a new golf course eh? Yes sir the royal and alman game is pushing out all over and I would describe to you more about this except as you see I am writing this in my own writing down in Augusta and want to make this short and sweet because I am still tired from walking the course this afternoon on the finishing round which is much harder to do when you are not playing.

I asked around here all week if there were any stances available but nothing doing. You have got to expect things like this in Georgia which is sort of an indivijil state. Everybody in Georgia knows we circuit pros are in the state for only one week of the year for the Masters but everyone acts like you were a native living in the next town ship all year round. For a sample if you are driving up from Florida and you fill up on gas at a little chillydipping station 20 miles from nowhere in a swamp still the attendant says to you "Harry on back you all." For another sample I just paid my motel bill a few minutes ago cause we push off for Greenhoro early tomorrow. I reserved a room here for next year thinking I might get into the Masters and housing conditions here is a real problem. "Okay Mr. Sprague" the clerk says. "We have your reservation for next April. Now harry on back you hear?"

Well I suppose you shouldnt knock people for going after business.

This reminds me Mr. Tabor I hope you are thinking about namely making me a head pro at Otter Lake along with Mercer Tolly. I don't want Macones job you know that but what would be wrong if we were co-pros—just like two players who are tied for the top are co-leaders or two girls who go to the same college are co-eds. I know I took the gas at Pensacola but Jim Gaguin the press fellow with the PGA who keeps all the statistics tells me I am the first assst pro from a Mich club to win more than \$1,000 in a tournament played in a state with a port on the gulf of Mexico—so maybe he has a point there and I am ready to move up to co-pro at Otter Lake.



My tie for second at Pensacola sure boosted my stork. Two club manufacturers and one ball manufacture approached me here at Augusta about going on there junior advise staffs. I told them thanks but it was my policy to talk with you before doing anything evolving finances and money matters. With golf pushing out all over I was wondering why you and I maybe couldnt start being ball manufacturers ourselves. Parently all you need is a new kind of liquid center to put the ball around and there are lots of liquids that might be tremendous and have never been tried out—like Lestol. Give this some of your best thought Mr. Tabor.

My two old buddies Pete Gritsum and Albis Vickary and me have been staying together at a new motel outside Augusta called Joel Chandler Harris Motor Court which the brochure says is named after a wathin (spelling?) fellow who wrote about animals. Pete got in the Masters cause he was a quarter finalist in the PGA at Philly last summer so Albis and I walked around with him to keep him company since either of us want playing. On the second day when Pete was paired with Billy Joe Patton Bob Jones came over to watch them a while and we had a little talk together. "Harry we are looking forward to seeing you play in this tourney very soon" Bob says to me. "Everyone tells me you are one of the most improved gollers on the tour.

continued



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SPALDING
gets the piece on sports

Fort Worth, Texas
April 28, 1939

How do you think the course is playing?" Bob Jones has one of those thick-skin attitudes you couldn't cut with a wedge and he speaks so slow in a drawl it gives you plenty of time to think of an answer. "Bob" I told him "I'm out here studying the course right now cause I intend to play here next year. That's why I'm writing notes in this lone notebook now. I am not out here just counting the saftlers and the other pretty flowers the I like agriculture as well as anyone." Bob got a great kick out of that and we would have talked more except that just then Patten hit a shot out



of some woods and we all had to rush to take cover cause it came smoking out of those saftler bushes looking right for us. This Billy Joe can really play but you got to be on your toes all the time when you are watching him cause you think he's going to play a safety shot out of the jungle like a same man and boom he's banging right for the stick. He just near as wild as they tell you but every so often he hits the longest hooks or slices you have ever seen and disappears into parts of the forest no man has peebly ever been to before. I would not be surprised if one day after one of those trips of his into the jungle he is going to come back to the fairway leading Dorothy Lamour by the hand. Get it?

Well you saw the terrific finish Art Wall put on an TV this afternoon so there's no need me telling you about it. "What did he do right that I didn't do at Pensacola?" I asked myself. "Simple Harry" I answered. "He kept releasing it." So that's what I'm going to continue to work on cause I am not out here for laughs but to make myself a golfer of top-calabruh—t-o-p-a.

Yours golfingly
Harry Sprague
Am't Pro, Otter Lake C.C.

P.S. And if Leitch doesn't make a good liquid center how about one of those martinis you mix. They sure send you and Mrs. Taber flying so they ought to be good for plenty of distance.

Mr. Amos A. Taber
Otter Lake Country Club
Otter Lake, Michigan

Dear Mr. Taber,

Miss Connie Stallman who is taking this dictation here in Fort Worth, where your boy was invited to play in the Colonial, tells me she has been a resident of the city since the McKinley administration. I thought she was joking since she looks so young, but apparently we had a president by the name of McKinley. Well, I told her, McKinley is one Scotch fellow who came over to this country who wasn't a golf pro, so no wonder some of us have never heard of him. It figures.

This is a funny place, Fort Worth. Everybody here is supposed to be rich but downtown it doesn't look much different than Minnaha, Mass., except that there is more of Fort Worth, which is natural, I guess, because it is a bigger city. I was thinking of buying one of those ten-gallon hats like a lot of the native people here wear, but Lucy Ann Umpey wouldn't let me because she said what is the point of going out with a golf pro if he doesn't look like one, which makes sense when you think about it. This Lucy Ann is a terrific-looking redhead whom I met at a party they throw at somebody's estate on the skirts of the city for us players. She is a sort of a mixed up young girl, cause she is attending a college in the East called Serravallo which her father wants her to do but she is taking courses in psychology which he is against since he says it is hard enough to just live with people when you don't understand them.

Lucy Ann was telling me all this last night when we drove over to her estate after the party for three or four nights ago. Her old man has one of those layouts you see only in magazines about Texas. They even got electric carts to take you around Mr. Umpey's private putting green. This golf profession is certainly an education, I told Lucy Ann. No where else could a fellow get a chance to meet such a cross-section of rich people. I leveled with her and told her I was still corresponding with Helene and was thinking of getting engaged maybe next winter when the tour moves through Phoenix again, if we find we are still hitting it off. I also told her

that you told me to lay off the dames and too much social life, but she said, "Our relationship is not social. I am writing my paper this semester on the decay of American family life and you are simply helping me." Anyhow Lucy Ann insisted on doing my laundry for me and getting my clothes pressed up for the tournament, and today she is going to pick me up in her Bentley auto as soon as I finish dictating this letter.

This Colonial Open starts tomorrow and already the officials like Mr. Umpey are running around in their Scotch blouses and talking about pin positions and repairing ball marks. My game is pretty sharp and I had better watch out for myself, since they are proud of their local golfers like Ben Hogan and Byron Nelson here and would like to see them win, and if not them, some other Texas boy. So I will not be shooting to win but just to get in the money. This may be hard, keeping from moving out in front, cause the track is tight and long and it favors precision players like Ben and me. I may have to three-putt a few greens, I guess.

I see by your stationery that you are back again at Otter Lake and getting things ready for the new season. I will be heading up to join you just as soon as this tournament is over and I pick up my prize money check. I really appreciate your upping me from assistant pro to playing pro, and seeing this in real letters on the new Otter Lake stationery is one of the greatest kicks I've ever had since I led the Minnaha High basketball team to that victory over Whitman in the overtime and won that game with that hook shot from the corner the



coach said afterwards that I shouldn't have taken but was glad I did. I will let the rest go until I see you next week because Lucy Ann is outside in her Bentley auto waiting

for me with my laundry, and she is harking that horn so loud you would never think she is attending college in the East. It is lucky I have matured this year, like you say, or else I would probably be getting sore at her.

Yours very truly,
Harry L. Sprague
Playing Professional, Otter Lake C.C.

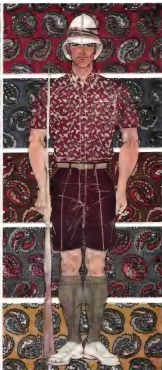
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A MOMENT OF RECORD

Don Bragg, arms flailing, drops from the highest pole vault man has accomplished indoors. Bragg made this 14-foot 9½-inch vault at the Inquirer Games in Philadelphia early in the indoor season. **See his story, next page.**

Photograph by Sydney S. McQuinn



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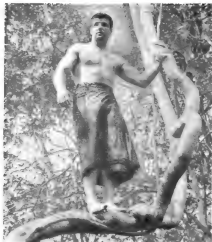
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BABOMA GHANA

Don Dragg who has vaulted higher than anyone indoors can swing through the trees

INTRODUCTION

NOT LONG AGO, an automobile pulled into the side of the road on the bank of the Volta River in Ghana, Africa, and a large, muscular type, dressed simply in a colorful Tsh-tan parca, stepped out. He surveyed the jungle (practical and safe. "Yes, isn't this fabulous, Daddy?") He then let go a Tarsan yell which sent the animals which inhabit the African jungle scurrying for cover and swarmed straight up a 60-foot vine into the top of one of the forest giants. For the next hour or so Don Bragg swung joyfully from limb to limb in the African jungle, occasionally losing another Tarsan yell and doing inestimable harm to the nervous

systems of whatever of Tarran's natural energies happened to be in earshot. When finally he returned to earth, weary and hoarse but happy, he had realized one of two ambitions which have animated him since he was a 10-year-old at home in Penns Grove, N.J., 14 years ago. It was then that he fell under the spell of Edgar Rice Burroughs' fictional character and decided he wanted most in the world to 1) swing through the trees of the Adirondack jungle and 2) play Tarran in the movies, a role which has been going on intermittently since some time before the '20s. Now that Bragg has accomplished the first of his missions in life, it seems rather likely that he will polish off the second, too, sometime after the 1950 GHG movie *Tarzan*.

Although Bragg spends most of his time practicing and working out for the pole vault, it is doubtful that he will have any trouble mastering what-

Abstract

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Example: How Many Over 150,000? Answer:

ever fantastic ability is required by the movie role of Tarzan. "I have a pretty original Tarzan call," he said the other day, "and I think I can top Tarzan better than anyone in the world." "He jolly well can," said Paddy O'Brien, the Olympic shotput champion who accompanied Bragg to Africa. "And he'll crack it he doesn't succeed."

Bragg, who has traveled over a good deal of the globe, demonstrating his ability as a pole vaulter, has one more attribute which should make him bid for a Tarzan role good. When he vaulted at an indoor meet in Paris not long ago, he registered on the impressionable French as a sort of male equivalent to Brigitte Bardot. The next day Pierre Dron, managing editor of *l'Express*, said: "An 'Oh' of stupor Bragg had just taken off his jacket," said the *l'Express* correspondent. "The kindest word comes to the world," said Bragg. "It was wonderful. And I think we helped interest in track in France, too." At any rate, Bragg proved his sex appeal conclusively.

OTHER AMBITIONS

However, before he makes a real assault on Hollywood, Bragg has a couple of other ambitions. He would like to pole-vault 16 feet, and he would like to compete for the U.S. in the 1968 Olympics. A leg injury kept him off the 1956 team, although he cleared 14 feet 8 1/2 inches on his last attempt in the Olympic trials after a shot of novocain eased the pain in his injured leg. A high wind blew his pole into the standard after Bragg had completed the jump, knocking off the cushion, and the jump was ruled no good. Since then Bragg has done 15 feet 9 1/2 inches (compared to 14-15) and has been consistent all of this season at 15 feet or higher.

"My mental attitude has improved," he explains. "And I have more time for parties, and I follow a more regular routine since I went into service." Bragg is a private first class in the Army, stationed at Fort Dix. He is in special services and expects to teach classes in physical training when he finishes competing in the AAU, U.S.-Russia and Pan-American track meets.

Bragg is a big man for the pole vault. He stands 6 feet 3, weighs from 198 to 215 pounds, although the lighter weight is better for competition.

continued

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"I've got to watch it," he says, seriously. "When it goes up, I eat one or two meals a day until I get back down. Lots of protein. Beefsteak, things like that."

Don began preparing for his destiny when he was a youngster in New Jersey. He set up a complicated series of ropes and platforms in the woods by his home and practiced swinging along a 600-foot course every day. The police, understandably afraid that other youngsters not so well equipped for the Tazman role might come to grief on the course, tore it down twice, but Don doggedly repaired his outdoor gym and returned to his pastimes as Tazman. As a result, he built tremendous arm, chest and back muscles which stand him in good stead when he began pole-vaulting.

"The pole vault requires everything," he says. "A powerful upper body to take the shock of the pull-up, tremendous arm strength for the handstand you need at the top of the vault, good speed and good legs for the approach." All of these physical attributes, Bragg has in generous measure. The Africans who trailed curiously along on his excursion into the jungle called him wonderingly, "Babona Ghana," which Bragg says means "big trouble." He is an impressive sight when he stands at the head of the vault runway, shaking his hands gently, the pole resting on his shoulder, his eyes fixed hypnotically on the crossbar of the vault standard. He has, in the past, been considered short-tempered and rude because he concentrates so thoroughly on the task at hand that he is brusque with officials, competitors, sportswriters or photographers who try to break in on that concentration. Actually, away from the heat of competition, he is a cheerful, pleasant man, anxious to please. He is handsome enough to play Tazman and personable enough, too, and, from his physique, he would be at least two to one against a medium-sized lion and maybe three to one against a small ape.

He returned from the 35-day tour of Africa somewhat leg-weary from petting on vault exhibitions as often as twice a day and, paradoxically, some six pounds overweight. He intends to cut down the weight by the Spartan diet and take care of the leg weariness by generous helpings of sleep and rest.

He has, for the time being, put

aside his ambitions to play Tazman in the movies. "The AAU doesn't like my talking about it," he says. "And I've got other things to do. To be a great champion, you have to live, eat and breathe your sport, and that's what I do with pole-vaulting. I hope some day to reach 16 feet. Frankly, with present equipment, I doubt that anyone will ever go any higher than that. I believe that I can do 16 feet if everything is right—the pole, the runway, the weather, me. I've been using one pole for a long time now and trying to break in a couple of others. The old pole has just the right amount of bend for me. It snaps out just fast enough. The two new ones recover too quickly, but they'll be all right when I get them broken in."

Bragg prepares for a meet by doing push-ups, climbing ropes and running. He vaults only once a week and that just to polish his technique. "The hardest part of the vault is the pull-up just as you start your swing," he says. "You have to release a final, tremendous burst of energy all at once."

PERFECT TECHNIQUE

When he did 15 feet 9½ at Philadelphia, Bragg's technique was nearly perfect. "I felt very good," he said. "The vault was just right except that I think my steps were a little off coming down the runway so that I took off too close to the pit. When I stand at the head of the runway, concentrating, I say to myself, 'Don, blast down this runway. All your strength into one effort.' I did that night."

Bragg may be the first man to clear 16 feet. He came within a deep breath of his thick chest of going over world-record height time and again before he made the 15-foot 9½ at Philadelphia, and his body arched well over the bar on that jump. He often tips the bar off the standard as he starts his drop, with his chest.

"I'd like to break the outdoor record this season," he says. "The way I feel now, if it doesn't come in the next month or so, I'll never get it."

Regardless of that, Bragg seems likely to achieve his real ambition. Never in the history of movie Tazmans has there been one so completely dedicated to the role or so thoroughly prepared for it. As soon as Donald George Bragg learns to say, with the proper dramatic impact, "Mr. Tazman, you Jane," he'll be completely ready. It shouldn't be hard. After all, Tazman was raised by apes, and he learned it.

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To the trout fisherman

Here is some expert advice on the care and cooking of trout from stream to dinner plate

THE WOODS are fragrant with the blossoms of May, and there is exhilaration in the clean taste of the morning air. The angler stands on the opposite bank, working sprivver with the good tug of the cold stream against his waders and a thrill of expectancy in each cast, is enjoying one of the most delightful experiences known to the sportsman. If his fishing skill is rewarded and he brings trout to his creel, this angler—and perhaps other members of his family, too—can expect soon to enjoy one of the most delightful dishes known to an appetite.

How should freshly caught trout be handled to insure that the fish are at their best for the table? First of all, they should be dressed as soon as possible after being pulled out of the water. Then the most perfect answer to the gourmet's prayer is to cook and eat them at once. But you can't always do that, and therefore it is exceedingly important for the fisherman to know about the preservation of trout. Whether you're going to take them home to eat for dinner or next day's breakfast or to package and freeze for out-of-season treats, you must take special care of them until they reach the refrigerator or the freezer.

How to preserve trout

After the trout has been eviscerated, wash the fish if there is pure well or spring water available. But not otherwise; the water in lakes and streams is likely to contain bacteria which will cause faster spoilage than would take place if the fish were not dressed.

If you're not going to cook the fish right away, rub salt on the flesh and dust it over the outside skin (1 tablespoon salt to $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of trout). Wrap each trout separately in fresh clean leaves or several thicknesses of paper. Store in the coolest place available. You may put the trout into a basket or box covered with several layers of burlap, which you should keep moist. The evaporation has a cooling effect. It is also possible to keep fish buried loosely in cool earth. Fish treated in these ways will keep 24 hours. They need only to be thoroughly rinsed to be ready for roasting or broiling.

If trout are to be kept longer than 24 hours in the raw, dressed state, they should be well rubbed with salt and packed with as much salt as will cling to them. Do not wrap more than a pound of fish in any one package, and dress the trout so that no piece is more than an inch

thick. Fish preserved with lots of salt should keep about 10 days and must be soaked in two or more changes of fresh water for about four hours before they are ready to cook. I suggest that you do not freeze trout which have been kept this long. And unless no other means of preservation is possible, I do not recommend this method—one which is not likely to produce the most tasty cooked fish.

Freezing the catch

If you're going to freeze any part of your catch, rinse them as suggested above in the 24-hour treatment. Package small trout whole. Very large ones may be cut into several pieces for freezing. Package in whatever is your choice of freezer packaging material, but be sure that it is intended for the freezer. Plastic-film bags are excellent for this purpose. Just be sure you get all the air out before you twist the end and secure it with a rubber band to seal it. Aluminum freezer foil, well sealed, is also good. Be sure to label each package, telling what the contents are and the date on which you froze them. Trout, like any other food, must be frozen at 0° or lower—and held at like temperature. This means they must be quick-frozen in a freezer. They must be placed in direct contact with the freezing surface to accomplish the job with sufficient rapidity. After they are frozen they may be piled or racked in any way you find most convenient for freezer storage. Do not "freeze" trout in the freezing compartment of your refrigerator. It is not equipped for fast freezing or for the maintenance of a steady temperature. Any food thus treated should be eaten within a few days.) Trout properly frozen should be stored in the freezer not more than four to six months. Defrost them before cooking, because if you cook them from the frozen state you will almost inevitably have to overcook them. However, cook them as soon as they're defrosted. Don't leave them around at room temperature beyond that point, as spoilage will be rapid.

Cooking trout at the campsite

A simple and delectable way to cook trout over the campfire is to salt and pepper them and sprinkle them with lemon juice (one of those plastic "lemons" should be in the fisherman's knapsack). Now impale the trout on a forked stick. Keep turning over the fire until done, which is ascertained by the fact that the bones inside the chest cavity stick out from the meat.

Another wonderful outdoor cookery method for trout is to wrap them in ferns as soon as they're cleaned. Now pack each fern-clad trout in mud a half to one inch thick. Have a good bed of glowing coals ready and make a pit in the center of it. Lay the mud-wrapped fish in the pit and cover with coals. They will be cooked—and utterly delectable—in 45 minutes to an hour and the

continued



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FOOD continued

dried and will crack off easily. Seasoning? They practically don't need any, but you may add salt, pepper and lemon juice if you like.

If you have caught your trout out of ice water, cut them into 4-inch lengths. Get a skillet very hot, pour in several tablespoons of cooking oil, put in the fish and cook until crisp on the outside and done through. Salt and pepper them after cooking. Magic is accomplished by the juxtaposition of ice-cold fish and the piping-hot skillet.

Cooking trout at home

There are those who would do nothing to a trout in the cooking except to season it and saute in butter, brown fat, or a combination of olive oil and butter. While I approve such dedication to simplicity, I should like to point out that if you flour it lightly you will get a crisper skin, and no other interruptive flavor of any kind. As for me, I like to roll it in yellow cornmeal, for the same crispness and for a flay, delicate added flavor. Depending upon their size, trout should be sautéed 2 to 5 minutes on each side to be done perfectly. Decorate the cooked fish with parsley and lemon wedges. If served for breakfast, grills accompany them very well.

For a big fish

If you catch a big trout, like a steelhead, get hold of a salmon cooker if you don't own one. Lay the fish in it and pour in enough hot water to cover. Bring to the boil and boil one minute. Take the cooker off the range and leave the fish in it until the water is cool. Chill the fish and serve with homemade mayonnaise. A magnificent summer dish.

However you cook trout, as with any other fish the cardinal rule is never overcook it. Remember, the Japanese eat fish raw. You may not want to do that, but if you cook it too much you will just dry it up, which is at least equally undesirable. If you're completely uncertain whether your trout is done or not, separate the flesh a little with a fork in the meatiest part. If the meat is white the fish is done. If it's slightly pink nearest the bone and somewhat transparent in appearance, more cooking is needed. When you become sufficiently expert, you will know by instinct when it's done and not have to make even one break in the skin.

END



Frank Gilford, cool member at the Jantzen International Sports Club, in the Bahamas; photographed by Tom Kelley.

Forthright advice on keeping cool and collected

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Sailors' jamboree

The biggest ocean race of them all ends in a fiesta for everyone

THE Ensenada is like no other ocean race in the world. For one thing, it is a yachting jamboree: 325 boats of all classes—more than in any other ocean race going—participated in last week's 140-mile downwind slide from California's Newport Beach to the resort town of Ensenada in Mexico. For another thing, it has a gay, carnival atmosphere in which sailors dress to outlandish costumes, and wives and kiddies go along for the ride—figuratively speaking—by driving down on the shore road. Finally, the goal of the whole affair is, more often than not, the beery, clamented old clapboard saloon called Huisong's, where the losers are expected to stand the winners drinks—a painless process, as the picture above shows.

Usually the wind stands fair to Huisong's, but this year it was perverse on race day. Aboard Lark, a graceful, blue-hulled 46-foot PCC sloop, Skipper Paul G. Holmes, an electronics engineer, was downright exultant at the unaccustomed head-on direction of the wind. "The wind's on our nose," he chortled. "This is one race that's not going to be won by those old tubs booming down in a gale."

At the starting gun Lark began its zigzag beat to weather, trying to slip through the garden of wind like a shifty halfback starting an end run and cutting back through tackle at the precise moment. The Kenyon showed five knots, but most of it was parallel to the true line of sailplane. As the afternoon wore on, the wind slackened and the crew anxiously scanned the sky for any weather change. The 66-foot sloop Nam Song lay ahead. "There's not enough

beers for those big fellows," explained Coxsackin Jerry Andrews.

As night fell, the entire fleet seemed to be bobbing on the water like cork. "We're slatting," exclaimed Helmsman Chip Cleary in dismay.

Lark had manfully beat its way to the lights of San Diego by mid-night, but there it lay. It turned a complete circle at one point.

By morning Lark, and with her the whole race, was still becalmed, wallowing in a sea that looked like nothing so much as a monstrous vat of warm grease.

WIND AT LAST

Shortly before noon, another PCC off the port bow broke out a blue-red-and-white spinnaker. Lark's crew watched anxiously. It filled.

Without a word Lark's crew hustled forward and began hoisting its own. It filled. The wind was light but favoring. Lark began to crawl ahead, and as the afternoon turned on, its velocity increased. Pretty soon it was finally—the downwind race it was meant to be.

As the boats picked up speed, the other PCC—which turned out to be Coxsackin—and Lark began a private nine-hour boat-for-boat duel. Having taken 24 hours to negotiate the first half of the race, they made the last half in less than eight. The sun had set and the afternoon wind was still fair as Lark swept by the Ensenada breakwater between the Tides Naves light and the malnourished at an exhilarating eight knots. Spirits lifted with the boat. "That Kenyon's slow!" shouted the captain. "Look at that sloop! We're doing nine!" Below decks Cleary rummaged through the food locker. "Isn't there any apple pie to go with this cheese?" he asked. "What is this—a hell ship?" At that point, a few hundred yards from the committee boat, Lark hit a wind

perch and died. She finished second to Coxsackin in the PCC class.

The first to finish (29 hours, 52 minutes, 23 seconds) was Financier Howard Ahmanson's mighty 58-foot sloop Sirius. But on corrected time, for the second year in a row, the winner was San Diegoan Ashley Bowen's 40-foot cutter Coxsack. What Coxsack had done was slip ahead of the fleet rounding San Diego's Point Loma in the worst of the calm by squeezing dangerously close to shore and picking up an infinitesimal land breeze. Coxsack had taken two hours to clear Point Loma while the off-shore boats took 12.

Ashore, Ensenada was a combination Mardi Gras and fraternity hell week. The population was swelled by 4,000 water-and-road-worn southern Californians, who made their way through the stores and cario shops, loading up with handcrafted souvenirs. They nearly swamped Huisong's, crammed the excellent restaurants and filled the dance floors.

On Saturday afternoon the trophy presentation coincided with a civic barbecue in which the visitors gratefully sipped the wine of the land, tequila, and its Martini equivalent, the Margarita (tequila, Cointreau, lime juice). They nibbled at beans, molitos and chunks of meat that had been barbecued overnight in open pits, and they drained the endless Mexican homebrew, who finished excitedly through the crowd like a posse of Zorro. They sang songs, toasted the race, made their room reservations for next year and finally wended their way northward—either power-lug through the chop in their sleek racing vessels by sea or tacking through the mountains in their duffel-packed sedans. Each skipper was sure of two things: next year the winds will be fair, and victory will be his. **END**



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Steve Maysel is a member of Rawlings Baseball Advisory Staff

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interfered with by Rico Tosi's bounding out. "I had to take ahead of him quick, so he wouldn't get bumped around too much," said Rider Willie Harnatz, "and what it meant was that we got off dead last and stayed that way around the first turn and well up the backstretch."

While Harnatz and Royal Orbit were plodding along back there, a 200-to-1 shot named Marmadee was winging off to try and steal the winner's \$126,298 share of this richest race (gross prize: \$250,000) ever run for 3-year-olds. Marmadee, followed first by Sundown Handcandy Sward Dancer, Festival King and First Landing, opened up a four-length lead before Royal Orbit, on his own initiative, decided to pull out all stops.

NO ATTRACTION

Following his poor start, he had hardly been the center of attraction. Nearly every eye was trained aggressively at the head of the pack, waiting to see just when Willie Shoemaker aboard Sward Dancer and Kildie Arcaro on First Landing would set sail after Marmadee. "We were running easy," said Shoe, "and I didn't think there was anything to worry about. I had position, I knew that first horse would start coming back to me, and I still hadn't asked my seat for any real speed—so what was there to worry about?" Arcaro laughed when he recalled his situation at the same time. "I had position, too. At least I had up to the half-mile pole. But after that he quit on me."

Then, suddenly, before Shoemaker, Arcaro or anybody else could dictate the strategy to be used next, it happened. And nobody was more surprised than Harnatz.

"We had just passed the 5/8 pole," said Willie Harnatz, "and Royal Orbit was running under wraps, easily and smoothly. I was just sittin' still,

then all of a sudden he takes a notion he wants to go on the lead. I never hit him once."

The move began without stirring consternation in anyone. Royal Orbit, running on the outside, picked up the first few stragglers, but now, instead of mingling in the center of the park, he had full steam up. Just as Shoemaker was about to take the lead from a tiring Marmadee, he went by like a fee engine on an open-country road. "I never saw anything like it," said Shoe. "It wasn't that Sward Dancer was tired or quitting. He was running good right to the end, had that one burst of speed turning into the stretch fixed us good."

Not a horse in this field was making up ground on Royal Orbit as he thundered across the finish line after getting the mile and three-sixteenths in 1:57 even. The handsome, well-built chestnut had put on a dazzling show of speed and stamina which should do him no harm at all when he next steps out to take on all comers in the June 13 mile-and-a-half Belmont Stakes. But at this point, what with the eggheads and the wags, 3-year-olds haunting the eastern tracks, it's hard to figure out which colts are even vaguely capable of going the Belmont's distance.

Through all the excitement of the Frodoosh during the race people who took the victory most calmly and graciously were Trainer Cornell and Royal Orbit's owner, Mrs. Halina Braunstein. The latter, a pretty brown-eyed brunette who doesn't look old enough to have a 20-year-old married daughter, has been in racing five years. The stable, which passed on to Mrs. Braunstein following her husband's death last winter, never made the big time until the acquisition of Royal Orbit for \$19,500 at a Louis B. Mayer dispersal sale. Now that the star of her 55-horse stable has won over \$220,000 and in 18 starts has never been out of the purse money, Mrs. Braunstein is more anxious than ever to keep on going.

And what does Reggie Cornell think about all this? Late Saturday afternoon he was still drifting along on cloud nine. As he walked boldly off the track with the blanket of bogus black-eyed Susans there came over the noise of congratulatory shouts a particularly loud yell: "And here comes Silky Sullivan." Reggie stopped and laughed. "You said it, pal," he shouted back. "Silky came back to Pimlico today."

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FROM A WALK TO A CANTER

More people are riding for pleasure today than ever before. To encourage others to enjoy this rewarding sport, Gordon Wright, America's foremost teacher of horsemanship, has joined forces with Artist Sam Savitt to explain the fundamentals every prospective rider should know

by GORDON WRIGHT
with Alice Higgins

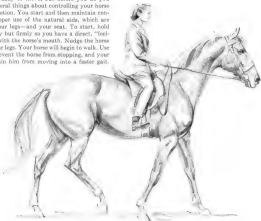


In our first lesson you learned how to lead your horse, how to hold the reins and how to mount and dismount correctly. You also learned the basic riding position. Now the time has come to see how that position works when the horse is moving at his three natural gaits: the walk, the trot and the canter. Actually, it does not change much except at the trot. At that gait you must learn to post, a procedure which is not nearly so mysterious or difficult as nonriders are often inclined to think. But, like a child, you must learn to walk (your horse, that is) before you can run. Turn page for Wright's step-by-step instructions.

CONTINUED

At the walk

Now you are ready to move, but before you do you must know several things about controlling your horse once he is in motion. You start and then maintain control by the proper use of the natural aids, which are your hands, your legs—and your seat. To start, hold the reins lightly but firmly so you have a direct, “feeling” contact with the horse’s mouth. Nudge the horse gently with your legs. Your horse will begin to walk. Use your legs to prevent the horse from stopping, and your hands to restrain him from moving into a faster gait.



Stopping and backing

Stopping a walking horse is easy, if you know how. (Actually, the type of horse you will be riding at this stage requires little encouragement to stop.) When you are ready, close your hands on the reins; the little fingers exert a squeezing action which increases the pressure on the reins and on the horse's mouth. This alone may bring him to a halt, but if it does not you should increase the pressure. Now that your horse is halted, try backing him. Use your hands in the same manner as you did when pulling to a halt from the walk. You will feel the horse's weight shift from the fore to the hindquarters before he starts moving into reverse. Give him time to make that shift. He will back a few steps. Ease off the pressure when he has stopped. That is his reward.



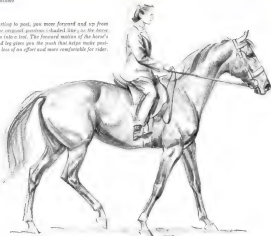
Guiding your horse

The next thing is to learn how to steer your horse so that you can ride where you, and not the horse, care to go. At first you will feel a terrible temptation to look down at yourself and the horse—just as a novice dancer wishes to watch his feet. Don't do it. Look ahead at where you are going; this not only helps keep you in the correct position, but when you turn your head in the direction you wish the horse to go (right) the subtle change in your weight helps direct him. By doing these things correctly you will set the scene for the use of the most important aid—the reins. You have already established a light contact with the horse's mouth—evenly in each hand. Now to turn left pull the left hand slightly toward your body, thus putting more pressure on the left side of the horse's mouth. (To even slightly slightly; if the horse's head is facing the way you want to go, the rest of the horse will follow. A well-schooled horse does not need to have his head pulled around, but occasionally the beginner will encounter an animal with an active interest in returning to the stable to munch hay. You can stop him. Keep aiming him where you want to go.) Try your turns first in the simplest manner, at a walk both to the right and left. Next, try circles to the right and left. Be sure you look in the direction that will close the circle.



CONTINUED

Starting to post, you move forward and up from your original position (shaded line) as the horse goes into a trot. The forward motion of the horse's hind leg gives you the push that helps make posting less of an effort and more comfortable for rider.



Posting the trot

Once you have mastered yourself and your horse at the walk and are able to turn, stop and back, you are ready to progress to the next gait: the trot. This means that you must learn to post—the up-down, up-down movement that is so often misunderstood. It is no affectation but an aid and comfort to both horse and rider. When a horse trots, his legs move in diagonal pairs, making a two-beat rhythm as the hoofs hit the ground (below). The forward propulsion, or push—both for the horse and you—comes from behind, which is important to understand as it affects your movements and position in the saddle at all gaits. To start the gait use your legs or

heels—your horse will go from a walk into a slow trot. For a few moments just sit there letting your knees and ankles act as shock absorbers. You will feel a bump, bump against your backside as the pairs of hoofs hit the ground, pushing or jolting you out of the saddle. Now, using those same leg aids, urge your horse into a faster trot. The jolt is far more pronounced, and you will thump that saddle at a more rapid rate as those diagonal pairs of hoofs hit the ground faster and faster. Time to start posting. This is what it means: when a pair of legs move forward you are pushed forward and upward by the movement. You help by using your muscles,



At the peak of the post, your seat is well off the saddle as the diagonal pairs of hoofs strike the ground, thus sparing you the jolt of the impact. Your knee is the hinge end, along with the saddle, provides you with a natural shock absorber.



particularly in the thigh, and hold yourself in the air while the hoofs strike the ground, thus avoiding the jolt, then let yourself down so you can be pushed forward and up again (see series below). You will note from the drawings that you do not stand up in the stirrups or heave yourself out of the saddle. Actually, the horse does most of the work by giving the push while you practice to develop the timing and coordination. Obviously, it is possible to post with either set of legs, which is what is meant by being on the right or left diagonal. To change diagonals simply sit through one bounce and catch the next push up. You're then on the opposite diagonal.

In the sequence below, the blackened foreleg indicates how you can tell which diagonal you are posting with by watching the horse's shoulder. If you are down when the right shoulder is back then you are on the right diagonal. Note also the bounce of the horse, indicated by the red line, as all four feet leave the ground at the trot's fullest extension. (Don't be confused; right or left does not mean right or wrong.)



CONTINUED

At the canter you will find that the upper part of the body is slightly more forward than at the walk. If you move from a trot into a canter remember to come down to a slow, sitting trot and then use your legs to urge him to change paces.

Sitting the canter

You have learned how to get yourself out of the saddle when posting the trot; now it is time to learn how to stay in the saddle at the canter. The canter, lope or hand gallop is the third of the natural gaits of the average horse and is traditionally described as a three-beat gait. The drawings below show a simplified version of what happens when a horse is cantering. Notice that he starts out on the left hind foot, rolls onto his left front

and right rear foot, then onto his right front foot. (Of course, this pattern of footfalls can be executed in reverse, starting with the right hind foot, etc. This is known as cantering on different leads, as one of the front legs seems to be leading the movement.)

You can make your horse canter either by urging him on from a slow trot or, with some horses which have been trained to canter from a walk, by turning his head slight-





Close contact of the seat and thigh is necessary at the canter. Also notice that the turning principles at a faster gait are the same as at the walk. Except the reins, the rider looks in the direction of the turn, applying a light leg pressure to aid horse.

ly and shifting your weight over the opposite shoulder. Once he is cantering, relax. Stiffening your backbone or pushing your weight down into the stirrups will send you bouncing out of the saddle. You probably will pound the saddle for the first few strides while you adjust to the new rhythm and the impression of speed. But once you are with the horse you will find this rolling movement of the canter (see below) the greatest pleasure to

ride. If at this time (or any other time in riding) you should lose your stirrup don't look down to try to find it. Keep those eyes looking ahead at where you are going, and that, in turn, will help you keep your balance. Keep your feet in position and you probably will catch the stirrup with no difficulty. If you have mastered these two lessons you should be capable of riding a well-broke horse with safety and comfort.

2200





CHARLES GOREN / Cards

Rules are made to be bent

EVERY TIME the postman gratefully unloads a substantial portion of his burden on my doorstep, it's a reasonable bet that the most anguished letter will read something like this: "My partner passed my opening two-bid. Isn't that against the rules?"

Yes, it is against the rules. But it is not against the laws—a difference which isn't always clear in the mind of the average player. The official laws declare how the game must be played. It isn't permissible to violate these laws knowingly, and if you do so, even unknowingly, you must pay a penalty. Rules, on the other hand, are simply guides to "correct" bidding and play. Some, like the rule about responding to a two-bid, should be obeyed without exception, though there is no penalty save the loss of partner's esteem if you fail to do so. Others should often be ignored. Many a bridge player remains in the mediocre class through blind faith in such old wives' tales as: "second-hand low," "never finesse against partner" and "always cover an honor."

At best, these rules are helpful only to the beginner. They cannot take the place of imagination in deciding what to do in a particular case. Here is a simple illustration of what I mean:

Both sides vulnerably
North dealer



North-South's part score of 30 naturally influenced this bidding:

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	1♥	2♠	2♥
2 N.T.	PASS	4♥	PASS
PASS	PASS		

West led his deuce of spades, dummy played low and East won with the 3. East could have been a hero by shifting to a low club, thus setting the stage for West to get a club ruff. (West would soon get in with his ace of trumps, lead his remaining club to East's ace and ruff the club return.) But, not being clairvoyant, East made the entirely reasonable return of his singleton trump.

West won and led another spade, but declarer was now in full control of the situation. He ruffed, drew West's trumps and still had a trump of his own after knocking out the club ace. He lost only to the two aces and the spade, and made the game and rubber.

Commiserating with his partner, East admitted he had thought about sacrificing at four spades, and West agreed this would have been a good idea. But they were wrong. No sacrifice was needed. The four-diamond contract should have been defeated without any need for heroic measures by East.

The basic flaw in the defense was West's opening lead, stemming from blindly following a "rule" of play. Usually, it is correct to lead the lowest card from such a holding in partner's bid suit, spades. But, in view of the bidding, West might have visualized the need to break the "rule" and lead the spade queen. North had bid no trump after hearing the opposing spade bids. It was virtually certain that he, not South, had a high spade. If this was the king, it might be vital for West to force it or to hold the lead for a spade continuation.

Forcing declarer to use up a trump or two was particularly attractive because of West's own length in the trump suit.

Observe that this proper lead, the spade queen, would have scuttled declarer's chances automatically—assuming a reasonably careful defense thereafter. Shortening declarer's trumps every time the defenders got in would have been fatal to the contract.

EXTRA TRICK

Never let a "rule" take the place of considering the individual situation that confronts you. The most important rule to learn is this: No "rule" is as valuable as knowing the proper time to break it.



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Tip from the Top

One step toward better footwork

WHEN I watch other golfers play I always look for footwork. In our native dances in Hawaii we use the inside of the feet a great deal and we grow up doing this almost instinctively. This is very helpful training for anyone who turns to golf, especially for girls. If you start from the inside of the feet and then go flat on the backswing, it helps you to pivot around. As you go forward, you work from the inside of the feet to a flat position. It's a duplicate. It helps you to get through. Too many girls come through on their toes. It all comes from a poor position at address.

There's one training device for better footwork I'd like to recommend to golfers, both women and men, who are serious about improving their golf. It's the best cure for swaying I've ever run into. When you are out practicing, place a ball under the arch of your right foot—on the outside part of the arch so that it puts you into a position where your weight falls onto the inside of that foot. When you swing back, you'll find you cannot sway off the ball, and it also assists you to make the correct movements with your shoulders and waist. (The left heel gives sufficient lateral motion.) When you go on the course, the point is to set yourself up so you will perform the same action without the ball under the arch.



BEST TIP: Walter Haden on the long-tee shot



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FROM
EIRE
TO

ISRAEL

Tell it not in Gath, runs an Old Testament injunction, publish it not in Askelon. But there's news that won't keep now: in cities, settlements and kibbutzim, the people are finding time, at last, for games **by GERALD HOLLAND**

THERE IS a certain tent a few feet from the border that separates Israel from the Gaza Strip and, if things have not changed very recently, at a table in the tent sits a young, blond-haired lieutenant named Jacob. Before him on the table lies one of the celebrated UZI submachine-guns, an extremely light weapon developed and manufactured in Israel. In one corner of the tent, very likely, a young sergeant is calling the nearest command post on the radio to make a routine report.

In another corner of the tent there lies a soccer ball, and a little before sundown the lieutenant and the sergeant will take it outside and kick it around. Maybe (it has happened) a wild kick will send the ball across the border. But that won't be too serious. The Norwegian soldiers manning the outpost of the United Nations observer force a dozen yards away will obligingly kick it back.

The daily routine of Lieutenant Jacob and his sergeant subverts, in a way, how things go in Israel these days. Everyone is at his job, everyone is ever mindful of the potential dangers that lie dormant all along

the 748-mile border of this Massachusetts-sized land of 2 million people, and everyone is eager to temper the work and the tension by playing or cheering the games of peacetime in the villages, the settlements, the cities, the kibbutzim, the schools and the universities.

There is time for sports now, and more and more symptoms of the sporting fever are beginning to appear. Hero worship, something that was unknown in the selfless dedication of the pioneering days, is spreading among the young people: Chodorov, the great soccer goalie, is mobbed by autograph seekers after the big games. Soccer referees are cordially hated by one side or the other and are as roundly denounced as baseball umpires used to be in Brooklyn. Outdoor basketball courts now dot the countryside, and many of the kibbutzim, the communal settlements, have swimming pools. The South Africans and the British have brought bowls and cricket to the country, and there are scores of minor sports flourishing, like handball and volleyball, tennis and softball, skin-diving and water-skiing along the Mediterranean. Israel's first golf course will be ready soon, and its first baseball diamond is planned for Wingate Institute for Physical Education outside Tel Aviv, the largest

city. So avid is the population for news of sports that a sporting newspaper, started as a weekly, now is published three times a week.

One day, not long ago, I sat in the tent at the Gaza border and chatted across the table with Lieutenant Jacob. Visitors are rare at this lonely station and he was hungry for conversation. A scribe, a native of Israel, he spoke excellent English, and occasionally, as we talked, he would translate briefly for the sergeant in Hebrew, the ancient tongue that has been revived as the unifying language for the immigrants who have come to Israel from all parts of the world. The lieutenant wanted to know how I had happened to come all the way from New York, and he was eager to know what people I had met, what places I had visited, what impressions I had formed. So, lighting a cigarette, tilting my chair back from the table, I began to tell him.

ONLY ENOUGH, I was now in Israel because I had previously been in Ireland. This is the way it happened: One day, an old friend named Milton Krents, a radio and television producer, called me for lunch in New York. He didn't say that he had anything special on his mind until we were having our coffee, and then he

continued

With photographs by Aron Eshel

HARBON RIVER near Tel Aviv attracts strollers and boaters. Below, a soccer game at site of King Solomon's temple.

recalled that I had gone to Ireland with Ron Delany, the great runner, to report his hero's welcome after his victory in the Olympics.

"That is correct," I said, "and that Irish story led to another. Bernard McDonough of Parkersburg, W. Va., the shovel king, as he is known, called me and proposed a weekend visit to the Old Country with a view to saving it from economic disaster. There was some talk of starting a shovel factory over there. But that didn't work out. However, as a result of our weekend trip, Mr. McDonough contributed generously to the fund for Ireland's first rider training track—and it was on that very track in Dublin that Herb Elliott of Australia set the new world's record."

Milton nodded. "I think," he said, "that some day you ought to go to Israel and see how things are going in sports over there."

"Do you mean," I asked, "that there is a connection?"

"Certainly," said Milton. "Ireland and Israel have a great deal in common. Both are small countries, both won their independence after a long struggle. Ireland is very sports-minded and Israel is beginning to be."

"There's one difference," I said. "I have a great many cousins in Ireland, being second generation myself. They helped give me the feel of the land. I have no cousins in Israel."

"Oh, you'd have plenty of contacts," said Milton, "don't worry. Let me introduce you to some members of the United States Committee for Sports in Israel and perhaps put you in touch with the Israel consulate in New York to see if a trip could be arranged. O.K.?"

"Milton," I said, "let me put it this way. With your permission, I shall adopt an attitude of passive resistance. I shall not seek, I shall not oppose this thing. If I am fated to go to Israel as a result of having gone to Ireland, let it happen."

Milton went right to work. There was a meeting with some members of the United States Committee for Sports in Israel, and then there was a call to the New York consulate for a briefing on general conditions over there. Not long after that, at 2 o'clock in the morning, I stepped off one of El Al's Britannia planes at Lydda airport outside Tel Aviv. There waiting to greet me was Colonel Harry

Henshel of New York, chairman of the United States Committee for Sports in Israel. He has long been prominent in the AAU and was this year's recipient of its Gold Medal award. With the colonel he was on General Omar Bradley's staff in World War II, was Chaim Glinovsky, labor leader, road builder, manager of the small team that Israel sent to the Olympics in 1956 and the liaison between the U.S. Committee and Israeli sports organizations. I was to see a lot of Glinovsky and the colonel in the next two weeks. They complemented each other perfectly. The colonel, at 69, tall, with iron-gray hair, was bursting with energy and bounce and enormous affability. Chaim Glinovsky, black-haired, younger in British officer and for four years a prisoner of the Germans in World War II, wore a bemused look in every situation and was as imperturbable as a well-fed rat.

AFTER breakfast the next morning Chaim Glinovsky and Colonel Henshel and I went for a drive, and I got my first look at Tel Aviv by daylight. It is a city of 400,000 now, built on what was desolate and almost a half century ago. The housing is modern, and there are concert halls (Yehudi Menuhin, the violinist, was in town) and theaters, broad boulevards, bright lights and cafés along Dizengoff Street, vast government

offices and elaborate headquarters for Histadrut, the labor organization.

We dropped in at the office of the three-times-a-week sporting newspaper. The editors—all of whom have regular jobs on the daily papers—showed us proudly around their new office. I asked Netherish Ben-Avraham, one of the editors, to explain to me how sports were split up along political lines. I had heard that the Histadrut sports federation, known as Hapoel, was the strongest in the land, and next came the Maccabees, a middle-of-the-road organization politically. And then (I had been informed) there were smaller factions representing the extreme right and left. Ben-Avraham shook his head and put up his hands in protest. "No," he explained, "all that belongs to the day of the oldtimes like Glinovsky and the colonel here. There was bitter feeling among the various factions in the old days, but a new generation is coming up and it has no time for such nonsense. In the old days a team representing Israel might have been called the combined Hapoel-Maccabees. No more. Now a team that represents the country is proud to be called Israel's team. Why, in the old days, a Hapoel man from Haifa would cheer for a Tel Aviv Hapoel team playing his own city's Maccabees. No more. A Haifa man cheers for Haifa, no matter what political conviction the team may have. Is it clear?"



SPORT CONFERENCE in Tel Aviv are (from left) Chaim Glinovsky, official of labor sports group; Gerald Holland; Colonel Harry D. Henshel, U.S. Committee chairman; and Herschel Benjamin, secretary of the new golf club, the first in Israel, at Caesarea.

I said it was. Ben-Avraham called to a girl in the next office and asked her to be so kind as to serve coffee. The coffee was served, and then I asked Ben-Avraham about the general pattern of sports in Israel. "Of course," he said, "football—soccer, as you would say—is the No. 1 game. Most of the young people have grown up with it. Basketball, comparatively new in the country, is tremendously popular. Some of us think that one day it may be even more popular than soccer. Its speed and excitement suit the country exactly. As you travel around, you will see how it is spreading everywhere. Softball has been introduced and is well liked. Swimming is a national sport because we can swim outdoors eight months a year and have the Mediterranean along the whole length of the country."

Colonel Henshel spoke up. "I want to see baseball introduced. Our committee is going to send equipment over. We will build a baseball diamond at Wingate Institute. It will be laid out over the soccer field."

Ben-Avraham shrugged his shoulders. "Good," he said. "I would like to see it. But I doubt that it will ever become as popular as football and basketball."

"I see the day," exclaimed the colonel, "when the St. Louis Cardinals will come over here on an exhibition tour."

Ben-Avraham nodded approvingly. "Good, good," he said. "The more sports the better."

I drained my coffee cup and leaned forward. "You know what would be a good game for Israel?" I said to Ben-Avraham. "One in character with a young, lusty, pioneering country. Fast and aggressive, full of action and thrills for the spectators?"

"What game is this?" asked Ben-Avraham.

"Hurling," I said. "The national game of Ireland."

Ben-Avraham looked at Glorinsky and the colonel. "How is it played?" he said.

"Visualize the sport of field hockey, only much faster. Add wrestling of lancers. Hitting the ball like a baseball, running with the ball held on the stick, great body contact, cracking of heads and so forth. Hurling is the name."

"Yes, yes," said Ben-Avraham, dubiously.

"I think it could be adapted to the dimensions of a soccer field," I said. "Would you like more information?"



OLD GILIE, ISRAELI BISHOP PATROL AT GIZA STRIP WORKS OF WHITE SANDS BEACH.

"You," said Ben-Avraham, rising and looking at his wristwatch. "Send me something on that."

WE FIRED INTO Chaim Glorinsky's old car and started for Wingate Physical Education Institute, not far from Tel Aviv. The institute is named for the British general, Orde Wingate, who trained the Jewish underground forces in the late 1930s. On the way we stopped at a physical education school for students preparing to enter Wingate. We met Chaim Wein, the director, who toured a number of American universities to learn about U.S. methods. Soon his school will be moved to Wingate, and students living in Tel Aviv and the surrounding countryside will be transported to the institute on a bus that formerly served the citizens of St. Louis, Mo. It was a gift arranged by Al Fleisherman, the public relations man for Gusie Busch of the St. Louis Cardinals.

Chaim Wein's students, boys and girls in their teens, were doing calisthenics as a piano player banged out *Swastika March*. The exercises were interrupted by Mr. Wein, who introduced Colonel Henshel, who in turn made a little speech. Several girls were brought up to meet us and the best Olympic prospects were pointed out. One girl was a parachutist and had competed in Russia.

At Wingate (which eventually will

satisfy Israel's desperate need for coaches and physical education instructors) we had lunch with Baruch Bagg, the director, a man of middle age who wears his hair like Ben-Gurion and is glowing with health and vigor. After lunch he proudly showed us around, pointing out the Nat Holman basketball courts (Holman introduced American-style basketball 13 years ago), the Edward Norman gymnasium (named for an American steel man) and then took us down to see the magnificent soccer field, which is enclosed by a cinder running track. At one end of the field there is a natural amphitheater, and Colonel Henshel, looking it all over, became greatly excited.

"Home plate," he said, "will have to go at the amphitheater end of the field. That's the only logical place. But wait a minute here. The sun is all wrong. The sun is in the wrong place. It will be in the batter's eyes."

"But home plate at the other end, then," said Chaim Glorinsky.

"No, no," protested Colonel Henshel. "It must go at that end because of the natural amphitheater. But the sun is wrong."

"It wouldn't be wrong in the mornings," said Chaim Glorinsky. "Play the games in the mornings."

"You're right, Chaim!" exclaimed the colonel. "That's one solution."

—Richard

Play the games in the mornings; it's too hot for baseball in afternoons anyway." He turned to me. "Somebody stops work at noon for a siesta here in the summertime," he said. "The temperature goes to 110° and more."

"How about night games?" I asked.

"Good," said Colonel Henshel. "Night games would be fine."

"But," said Baruch Bagg, "we have no lights."

"You'll have to get them," said Colonel Henshel. "Our committee at home will let it be known that Wingate needs a lighting system for baseball and soccer, as well as for track and field events. Somebody, I predict, will come forward and make that specific gift."

"That would be very wonderful," said Baruch Bagg.

Colonel Henshel rubbed his chin with the back of his hand, squinting in the brilliant sunshine as he surveyed the field.

"No!" he cried suddenly, marking his forehead with the palm of his hand. "Left field is too short. The running track cuts it off."

"I've just been thinking here," I said, "that this field, with the natural amphitheater, would be ideal for hurling as well as baseball and soccer. I can visualize—"

Colonel Henshel interrupted me. "Something will have to be done about left field. It's got to be lengthened or otherwise we're going to be seeing a lot of Chinese home runs here. It's the same situation Walter O'Malley faced in Los Angeles."

"That's a long way from home plate to the running track, colonel," said Chaim Glorinsky.

"Nonsense," exclaimed Colonel Henshel. "Why, I could hit a ball past that running track." He pulled at my arm. "Come on," he said, "let's pace it off."

We paced from the imaginary home plate to the running track. Our eyes had deceived us. It was well over 300 feet. Left field at Yankee Stadium is 301 feet. Even so, Colonel Henshel said an outfielder would trip over the rim of the track and get hurt. He made a note to suggest the building up of the rim of the track so that it would be even with the outfield grass.

Regarding Baruch Bagg and Chaim Glorinsky, the colonel said, "I hope to see the day when the St. Louis

Cardinals play an exhibition on this field."

Baruch Bagg said it was time to plant the tree. Every visitor coming to Wingate for the first time plants a tree. I planted one for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, and Mr. Bagg said a sign would be made noting the date and the name. As we walked to Chaim Glorinsky's car I noticed a whole grove of trees, dedicated to the memory of the late Mrs. August A. Busch Sr. The grove was the gift of her son, the son of the St. Louis Cardinals.

Before we left, Colonel Henshel gave Baruch Bagg a final piece of good news. The U.S. Committee, said the colonel, would soon start a campaign to get Wingate a \$100,000 swimming pool and natatorium to be named for Bob Kipnuth, the famous swimming coach at Yale. Kipnuth has gone to Israel twice to hold coaching clinics.

ONE of the oldest institutions in Israel is the kibbutz. Some are industrial, some agricultural. Members of the kibbutz own nothing of their own. Everything belongs to the community. When a man's shoes begin to wear thin, all he needs to do is ask for another pair; the same for clothing and anything else he needs. Children live apart from the parents in age groups, visit the parents for an hour or so every day. Nobody has a kitchen, all meals are served in the community dining room. One afternoon, Glorinsky and the colonel and I visited a kibbutz near Haifa. It is called Mishmar-Haemek, which means "guard of the valley." There was bitter fighting here in 1948.

We had lunch in the dining room—meat balls and rice and vegetables, dessert and coffee—and after lunch strolled around the beautifully wooded grounds and inspected the dormitories, the classrooms, the shops and the library.

There was an outdoor basketball court, and a game was in progress. The boys played well, but a little later, at the home of Esther and Ernest Adler, who came to Israel from Czechoslovakia in 1941, we met two of the real basketball stars. Six-footers (kingsize players are not too common among Israel's youth) Aron Lavi and Avram Gonen both played on the Mishmar-Haemek team, which, at the time of our visit, was leading the national league. Colonel Henshel asked the boys if they had everything they needed in the way of equipment.



PHYSICAL EDUCATION TEACHERS OF

They didn't. They badly needed gym shoes, and the colonel swiftly made a note of the sizes required. (The shoes were on the way over within 24 hours after the colonel's return to the United States.)

That evening at a sidewalk café on Dorenfeld Street, Chaim Glorinsky and his wife, Muska, told me more about basketball and how it was that Israel's team was unable to compete in the 1956 Olympics.

Elmer Ripley, Chaim said, the former coach at Notre Dame, Yale, West Point and Georgetown, had developed a fine team for the Olympics. Working against such hazards as inadequate equipment, the boys used to practice barefoot to save their shoes for the games and the language barrier, Ripley had taught his players the fast-breaking American style of play. Everything looked promising. Ripley himself predicted that Israel would have a chance to finish third behind the Americans and the Russians. Then, on the eve of the Olympics, Nasser closed the Suez Canal, and Israel, France and Britain went to war. Israel army officers showed up at basketball practice one evening and picked six men, the best six, from Ripley's squad. The Olympic team vanished into the Sinai campaign.



PHILIP RUNS IN AN OUTDOOR CLASS IN CALENDARIA, NE NEGALE PROVINCE

ONE MORNING I set out from Hotel Dun in Tel Aviv in the company of Isaac Austrian, a driver and guide for the government. He said we would make an overnight trip to the south. We passed through Jaffa, one of the oldest cities in the world, on the outskirts of Tel Aviv, and then headed down to Ashdod on the Mediterranean. We stopped first at the ruins of the old Roman city of Ashkelon, and I copied from a sign over the ruins a Biblical quotation that begins, "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon," with the intention of looking up its context later on. We drove on to the new city of Ashdod and stopped at its American-style shopping center with its shops and cinema and cafe. In the cafe (where the Ashdod Rotary Club meets every week) we kept an appointment with Philip Gilon, a transplanted South African, and settled down over coffee to talk about sports in that part of the country.

Phil Gilon, a tall, broad-shouldered man, very British in his speech, estimated that the number of athletes in Israel had increased 500% since the state was born.

"New immigrants," he said, "naturally turn to the sports with which they are familiar. Almost everyone is familiar with soccer and chess—

chess a sport? It is. Otherwise, each group continues its interest in the sports it knows best. North Africans go in for cycling and boxing and weight lifting. Immigrants from Egypt are good at basketball. Central Europeans like soccer first, then track and field events and handball. Northern Europeans, again soccer-minded, also like gymnastics and table tennis. Anglo-Saxons have brought in cricket and bowls. Swimming is popular everywhere, especially in the kibbutzim. Three-quarters of the swimming pools in the country are in the kibbutzim, which, of course, also play soccer and basketball."

"I have heard," I said, "that football runs pretty high at the soccer games."

Phil Gilon nodded vigorously and said, "The bravest men in Israel are the soccer referees."

"I've heard some strong talk on that subject," I said. "Some people deplore the conduct of soccer crowds. But surely conditions are not as serious as in South America where they have to run a foot around the field to prevent spectators from getting at the referee."

"I have seen games," said Phil Gilon, "where a goat would have been most appropriate. But I must say that things are getting better.

Some years ago the spirit of independence in the country produced side effects on the athletic fields. Players resisted any kind of discipline. They were given to what might politely be called discussion of any and all decisions by the referees. Sometimes the discussions became very violent."

Isaac Austrian, the government guide, stood up and looked at his wristwatch. "We must go," he said. "If we are to get to Beersheva for lunch."

"Will you drop me at my home?" said Phil Gilon. "We'll see the tennis court and the soccer field on the way."

On the way to Phil Gilon's home, noting the new soccer field and asphalt tennis courts, we picked up a 6-year-old middlebiter named Chaim Abraham, a dark-skinned immigrant from Cochin, India. He spoke Hebrew, and Phil Gilon asked him if he played any games. "I play ping-pong," said Chaim. "Are you any good?" asked Phil. "No," said Chaim, grinning from ear to ear, "but I play anyway."

We pointed for Beersheva, the city of Abraham and Isaac, and drove along excellent roads lined by the fast-growing eucalyptus trees that were planted after 1948. There was cactus, too, imported from Mexico a half century or more ago to serve as fencing, and there were olive trees and beautiful, lush vistas and then arid stretches where the sand blew across the road and pelted the windows of the car. We passed a huge tent, and Isaac Austrian said it belonged to a Bedouin sheik who (Isaac had heard) had four wives, 100 concubines and a Chrysler. In the cultivated areas there were strange groves as far as the eye could see and, again, bare hills. Now and then a modern housing development of a new town would appear on the horizon or a huge factory would suddenly loom up. On every hand, it seemed, there was surprise of one kind or another, something very new—something incredibly old, something as modern as a missile, something primitive and unchanged since the time of Abraham—like the camel-driving nomadic Arabs who, along with their veiled women, would glance around as our car roared by.

That night in Beersheva, Isaac Austrian and I sat in the Last Chance Cafe, which is owned by Leon and Betty Hellman. Leon once lived in Elizabeth, N.J.; Betty is from France.

ANTHONY

I asked Leon how he happened to give his call, in this Old Testament city of Beersheba, a name that sounded like it belonged in the old Wild West. Leon said he had decided on the name because his bar offered the last chance for travelers to get a drink before they struck out across the Negev, the desert, for the part of Elath on the Red Sea. Betty added that the café also represented the Hellmann's last chance to make a living in Beersheba. They had opened the place with a stock consisting of one bottle of brandy. When that had been sold by the drink, Leon took the money and raced down the street to buy another bottle.

The décor of the Last Chance is definitely beatnik. It is lit by candles, and in the center of the room a hangman's noose dangles from the ceiling. Incongruously, the record player was blaring out *Colonel Bogey March*, the theme music of the motion picture *The Bridge on the River Kwai*. A few people were sitting around, but they were not at all in harmony with their surroundings: they looked too healthy and robust and clean-shaven and not at all beat.

Remembering my mission, I turned the conversation to sports, and Betty Hellman said she had once won a 100-meter race in France and had received a spanking from her mother for allowing Marshal Petain, the collaborationist, to kiss her on the cheek after her victory. Leon said that the Last Chance was sometimes filled with soccer players, drinking beer after a game, and then he added: "Of course, we have boxing here almost every weekend."

"Boxing?" I repeated incredulously, looking around the cluttered room. "How could you box in here?" "Oh," said Leon, "we usually go outside. You see, it is usually some customer who challenges me to a fight." He shrugged his broad shoulders. "I don't mind," he said. "It keeps me in shape."

The music had changed to a dance melody. A man sitting next to me at the bar leaned over and whispered in my ear, "You see that young woman dancing there?" I nodded. "See was a terrorist in the old days. They say she was a genius at making and throwing bombs."

I thanked him for the information and then signaled Isaac Austrian, pointing to my watch. He got up and

buttoned his coat and I said goodby to the Hellmanns, and Isaac and I went to the hotel where we were registered and turned in.

IN JERUSALEM, another day. Prime Minister Ben-Gurion was seated at his desk in Achlag office as Teddy Kollek, his assistant, ushered us—Colonel Henshel and me—into the room. I had read that Ben-Gurion dislikes shaking hands, but he stood up and shook hands with us. Somebody had told me that he loved Biblical questions. So I began by asking him about the quotation I had copied down at the ruins of the old Roman town of Ashkelon.

"Tell it not in Gath," said Ben-Gurion. "Publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon . . . lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice."

"That," he said, "was the lamentation of David when he heard of the death of Saul, the first king of Israel, who died with his son, Jonathan, in the war with the Philistines. David did not want the news to spread because it would give comfort to the enemy."

"From what I have seen of sports in Israel," I said, "there is better news to tell in Gath and Ashkelon now. Sports seem to be booming. We've been traveling all around, and every playing field and basketball court we saw was crowded. Colonel Henshel feels, and I do, too, that Israel has time to play more and more games and perhaps try out some new ones like baseball or, as I've suggested, the Irish game of hurling. Do you think Israel needs some new sports?"

Ben-Gurion smiled and said, "What Israel needs are better sportsmen."

I thought he referred to good losers or something of that sort. But Colonel Henshel spoke up and said: "Here all athletes are called sportsmen. In our terms, the Prime Minister is saying that Israel needs better players. It's something like President Eisenhower's remark about the Washington baseball club. You remember, he said he believed there was nothing wrong with it that a few good players couldn't cure?" He turned to Ben-Gurion. "Maybe the Prime Minister is thinking about the soccer game with Russia last summer." Ben-Gurion nodded and said he had followed it on the radio. Colonel Henshel turned back to me. "Israel almost beat the Russians even though the star goalie, Chodorov, was out of the lineup for

a considerable part of the game. The final score was 3-2."

Colonel Henshel then volunteered that he had never seen Ben-Gurion looking so well. He did seem to radiate good health. He was taller than I had imagined and younger-looking than his photographs. Teddy Kollek brought over some picture books of Israel for which the Prime Minister had written the text, and he autographed them. It occurred to me to pursue the subject of bringing hurling over from Ireland, but I thought better of that.

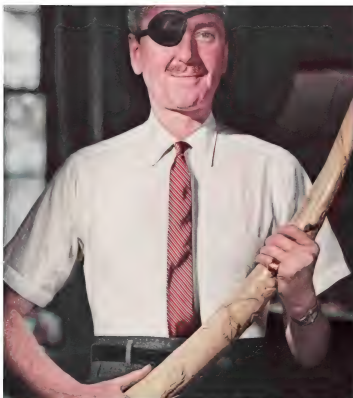
Instead we said goodby and went on to the YMCA in Jerusalem, a branch founded in 1878 by the British. We inspected one of the three indoor basketball courts in Israel and visited the indoor swimming pool, and then took the elevator up into the tower to look over into the old city of Jerusalem, which is Jordan territory. I was told that, as an American, I might conceivably get permission to enter old Jerusalem, but if I did, the Jordan authorities wouldn't let me come back. I asked for the view from the YMCA tower and for coffee and sandwiches in the lounge of the King David Hotel.

ISRAEL'S first golf course is at Caesarea on the Mediterranean between Tel Aviv and Haifa. There are gently rolling hills, oak and century-old cypress trees dotting the fairways and a clubhouse site high on a hill overlooking the blue sea. The greens have been constructed and the fairways cleared, but an attempt to plant both with English grasses turned out to be a costly failure. Now, however, the club people are in consultation with American experts skilled in growing grasses in the sands of California and Florida, which have climates comparable to Israel.

The golf course adjoins the ruins of the old Roman town of Caesarea, where archaeological excavations have uncovered tile floors of what was once a courthouse as well as evidences of the hippodrome where horse races and chariot races were held more than 2,000 years ago. Giant statues have been uncovered and great Roman columns lie along the roadside.

Herschell Benjamin, a former major in the British army who now raises cattle on his farm near Caesarea, is secretary of the new golf club. He told me in Tel Aviv that, backing around the unfinished course, he had

continued



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once taken a divot that laid bare a Roman coin. This seemed incredible, sitting in the lounge of Hotel Dan, and so Herschel Benjamin said, "Come to Caesarea and walk around themselves with me and I'll guarantee that you'll pick up a piece of Roman pottery at the very least."

A little later, walking up the hill to the clubhouse site, Herschel Benjamin stopped and pointed to the ground at my feet. There it was: a fragment of a Roman pitcher handle. I put it in my pocket, and as we walked along Benjamin told me how the golf course idea was born. All the land as far as I could see, he said, had been purchased by the late Baron James de Rothschild of England. He envisioned a hotel and villa, a youth hotel and, being an enthusiastic golfer himself, the course that now was being created. When he died, his widow and the others of his family determined to see to it that his wishes were carried out.

There are a variety of opinions about Israel's first country club and golf course. Some people say it is a good thing, a good tourist attraction. Others say that it is downright bad taste in a country with so much more serious work to do, a country in which everyone is so heavily taxed that a box of Kleenex is a luxury item.

"In America," said one man, "keeping up with the Joneses is the sin of most people. Here it is exactly the opposite. In America everyone wants a new car every second year. Here an old car is a badge of honor. Ostentation is something to be avoided at all costs. Why, I believe that if a Tel Aviv businessman joined the new golf club, he would lose his golf bag from his friends." Herschel Benjamin scoffed at such talk. "Israel is growing up," he said, "and it's time we had our own golf course. Some of the critics, I think, are guilty of reverse snobbery."

Anyway, the golf course is there, beautifully there, and when American skills solve the grass problem, there doubtless will be a line waiting at the first tee.

ANOTHER DAY we went to Haifa, which is called the San Francisco of Israel. It is 40 miles north of Tel Aviv and, rising on the side of Mount Carmel, it commands a magnificent view of the harbor. It is the home of Technion, the engineering school

that is Israel's equivalent of MIT. As we toured the campus of Technion, inspecting its fine dormitories, library, classrooms, all in the modern design that is found all over the country, two glaring deficiencies stood out. There is no gymnasium (Hebrew University at Jerusalem also lacks one), and the only playing field is no more than a sandlot. We stopped a while at the sandlot to watch a pickup soccer game, and the players exhibited the careless skill of youngsters who had grown up with the game.

Later on we visited the home of one of the great men of Israel, president of Technion, hero of Israel's War of Independence, General Yaakov Dori. He lives simply in a house that is part of a housing development. There were a number of people there: General Samuel Tankus; Sasha Goldberg, a Haifa businessman; and Carl Alpert, an American who is assistant to General Dori.

Colonel Herschel, Chaim Glotovsky and I joined the group, met the ladies of the party and then sat down to coffee and a discussion of sports that soon developed into a pretty fair ruckus. Colonel Herschel told of his scheme to form an intercollegiate athletic association which would include Hebrew University, Wingate Institute and Technion. These schools have an informal athletic association now and meet each other to soccer, volleyball, fencing and certain track and field events. Colonel Herschel wanted to formalize the association, and everybody present agreed that it would be a fine thing. Colonel Herschel made a note of it on a sheet of paper he took from his pocket. Then Colonel Herschel took up his favorite subject: baseball.

"We've inspected the new field at Wingate," he said briskly, "and, with certain modifications, a fine baseball field can be laid out on the soccer field. Now I'll report back to our committee in the United States and will step up our efforts to get baseball equipment and a baseball coach over here."

General Dori, sitting back in his chair, his hands clasped on his lap, nodded agreeably. Mr. Goldberg just smiled with the air of a man who had no violent opinions on the subject one way or the other. Chaim Glotovsky sipped his coffee in his imperturbable way. Then Carl Alpert moved forward to the edge of his chair and set his coffee cup down on the table. Mr. Alpert is a short, balding man, whose

continued

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smiling, friendly countenance apparently masks an actual determination when he feels strongly about something; not only to disagree with what you have to say but to challenge your right to say it.

"Colonel Henshel," he said, "I think you're wasting your time."

Colonel Henshel, who had been leaning around the little circle, let his mouth fall open in astonishment. "What did you say, Carl?" he asked incredulously.

"You are wasting your time trying to introduce baseball in Israel. The game will have no appeal for the young people here. It is not in character with the spirit of the country. It is too slow. The young people want fast games like soccer. They took to basketball because it's fast and exciting. They would be dumb to catch on to baseball."

Colonel Henshel looked at me and then at Chaim Givinsky.

"Carl," he said, turning back to Alpert, "you're completely wrong. Baseball is not slow when you un-

derstand it. It's highly scientific, and there's something happening every second if you know what to look for. Now, furthermore, our committee at home is charged with raising funds for sports over here, and the idea of introducing baseball in Israel has great appeal for the people we depend upon for contributions."

Carl Alpert leaned back in his chair and crossed his legs.

"All right then," he said. "It's a gimmick for fund raising. But I still insist that baseball will never go in Israel."

"That's your opinion, Carl," said the colonel, smiling in the friendliest way, "but we'll go ahead with our plans just the same. And when you see, as I visualize, a big league team, possibly the St. Louis Cardinals, playing an exhibition at Wingate, I think you'll change your mind."

"I doubt it," said Carl Alpert, smiling in the most winning manner.

There was a few seconds of silence. I put down my coffee and leaned forward.

"May I say a word?" I asked, looking around the group.

"Certainly," said Colonel Henshel, speaking for the assembly.

"You say, Carl," I began, "that baseball is too slow for the youth of Israel. For all I know, you may be right. However, I do believe it would be worth a trial. But if you want a fast game, an aggressive game, a game that will give players and spectators alike all the excitement they can handle, I've got the game for you."

"What's that?" asked Carl Alpert.

"Hurling," I said, "the national game of Ireland."

"How is it played?" said Carl Alpert.

I told him. When I finished, there was not a sound. After a moment I added, "Just as the colonel visualizes the St. Louis Cardinals playing at Wingate, so I visualize Israel and Ireland playing a home-and-home schedule of hurling."

Nobody said anything. I looked at General Durr. He was impassive. I looked at Chaim Givinsky. He was staring out the window. I turned to Colonel Henshel, and he was doodling on his sheet of papers. I glanced at the



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young woman sitting next to me. She smiled faintly. Finally, I summoned courage to look directly at Carl Alpert. He was frowning. Then he suddenly relaxed, smiled and declared loudly: "I like it!"

Celene Hershel stared at him in amazement.

"You like it?" I blurted.

"Yes," said Carl Alpert firmly. "It sounds good to me. It makes a lot more sense than baseball. Action, speed, body contact, it seems to have everything. I'm for it. I would say go ahead, arrange an exhibition."

I drew out a notebook and pencil and scribbled furiously. Emboldened by Carl Alpert's reaction, I went on talking.

"In view of your feeling about the matter, Carl," I said, "I think I should say that I have discussed the subject of hurling informally with a few other people: Max Rosenfeld of Hebrew University is all for it and personally would like to see it demonstrated on the university's fine athletic field in Jerusalem. Norman Levine, who heads up the playing fields association over here, has been briefed on the subject. I've explained the game to Mayor Abba Hushi of Haifa and he's definitely interested, and so is Mayor Abraham Krinsky of Ramat Gan. Ramat Gan's big stadium, accommodating 46,000, I believe, would be the ideal place for an exhibition."

I looked swiftly around the little circle. "One more thing," I said. "I have put out some letters to Shalom, and I am free to say that Mr. Robert Reineke, the former lord mayor, has endorsed the idea in principle. Of course, there will have to be some discussion about financing such a trip. One plan would be to have the hurling exhibition put on as part of the 1961 Maccabiah games—an international competition held in Israel one year after the Olympics, but if some hurling-minded philanthropist should come forward, it might be doing sooner than that."

I turned to General Dori. "What is your feeling, sir?" I asked.

General Dori, who had said nothing during the baseball rebuttal, now spoke up decisively.

"My feeling is," he said, "the more sports the better. Bring them all to Israel. Let's have a look at them. Baseball, hurling, American football—let's try them out."

Everybody stood up. There could

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DICK GLENDON continued

style ever developed in this country, they swept far back so that they seemed to be lying on their backs, then snapped forward sharply. It was a precise and rhythmic display, made the more impressive by the studied, low, beat the boat generally kept.

Glendon was of a rugged race of oldtime masters that included Cornell's Charles Courtney, Syracuse's Jim Ten Eyck, Columbia's Jim Rice, Pennsylvania's Ellis Ward and Joe Wright, MIT's Bill Haines, Washington's Hiram Conibear and Wisconsin's Harry Vail. There were no academic degrees in the list, but these men believed with what today seems almost a naïve faith that they instilled in their boys much that could not have been learned in any classroom or lecture hall. With the exception of Conibear (who died in a fall from a cherry tree) they all lived to a ripe old age. This was at a time when sober-faced medical men warned that strenuous rowing hurt the heart. On the contrary, the coaches insisted, rowing made the heart grow stronger. Medically they may have exaggerated, but the men all had rowed incomparably more miles than any of their careers—their was the day when coaches accompanied their crews in single sculls, and they went swinging into their 70s and 80s enjoying every minute of it.

Old Dick Glendon was one of the strongest of the breed, one of the most exacting and, once you had penetrated his crusty, Cape Cod exterior, one of the most likable. He was also something of an imperious—and accurate—judge of character. In his first year at Annapolis, for instance, out of 50 to 60 midshipmen who reported to him for practice, he singled out one after only a half hour.

"I don't know anything about you, young man," and the new coach who was not very old then himself, "but you are my stroke ear. I think you're a leader." Glendon was right. He turned out to be a great stroke. He also became Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, Commander of the Pacific Fleet during World War II.

Like other great rowers of his age, Glendon grew up around the water. Born in Harwich on Cape Cod in 1879, the son of an English sailor, he went to sea as a Grand Banks fisherman at the age of 13. At 19 he went to Boston and got a job at the old Boston Athletic Association clubhouse

on the Charles River. During the days he coached schoolboys, and in the evenings he repaired boats and tinkered with rigging. With insight that became almost instinct, he studied methods by which the legs, arms and bodies of men might join with oars, riving, seats and outriggers to make a racing shell go faster. He soon impressed a group of influential people around the Charles that in 1895 they recommended him as a coach who could develop rowing at Ann Arbor.

A FAMILY CONCERN

At first he worked alone, but in later years he was aided by his sons, Richard J. and Hubert. Young Dick became his assistant at the Naval Academy, and in 1921 his successor there when Glenison retired to Cape Cod. Young Dick, after giving Navy a championship in 1923, went to Columbia as head coach. He coached his father along as an aide. When Columbia won the Poughkeepsie Regatta in 1927, Old Dick returned to Navy, the next back to Columbia in 1932 to meet young Dick again and stayed on to help Hubert, who succeeded his brother in 1935 after Dick's death.

In its contrasting techniques, rowing has always been one of the most controversial of sports. The long-swinging Glenison stroke was a frequent subject of heated debate. For years its detractors said it took exceptional men to row the method and that Dick had them at Navy. But it took the Glenisons once one season to row Columbia from the deep doldrums into the brightest years of her long rowing history.

The so-called Glenison lay back put a tremendous wallow on the finish of the stroke. It was a finish so deftly blended with the beginning of the recovery that its movement, done well, was quicker than the eye as the shell ran out between strokes carrying 1,000 pounds of rugged oarsmen.

In the brilliant decade that followed Navy's triumph in the 1929 Olympics, the Glenisons were first at Poughkeepsie with Navy in 1921, first with Navy in 1922; second in 1923 behind Rusty Callan's Washington crew; first at Poughkeepsie in 1925; first with Columbia in the freshmen race at Poughkeepsie in 1926; first with the Columbia varsity in 1927. In 1929 Young Dick won with Columbia, and in 1931 Old Dick, back at Navy, won his last Poughkeepsie Regatta.

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DICK GLENDON continued

I was with Glendon in the coaching boat early on the morning of the 1931 race. The crew had taken shape slowly that spring, and it was not packed to win or even to press the winners in this biggest race of all on the Hudson.

The crew paddled slowly upstream for its final warmup. Glendon finally yelled "Let 'er run" and pulled the launch up close. He put down his coaching megaphone and spoke a few words in a voice just loud enough to be heard from his stern.

"We have been through a good deal together this season and last, you people and I," he said. "The experts don't think you are a good crew. Forget them. I know you are a good crew. You can win this heat race. You'll do. You're all right."

They won, and became the fourth crew ever to row the Poughkeepsie four miles in under 19 minutes.

That was an example of the way in which Glendon coached. Glendon taught more than techniques; he conditioned men mentally. He toughened them. From him they learned the joy of tense, even bitter, competition in practice as in races. The daily workout of vanity, jayvees and freshmen, or plebes, more often than not turned into impromptu struggles.

"He could put his spirit into men without shouting, without driving," an old Columbia College oarsman recalled not long ago. "Glendon would hang up in your mind as objective, a great and wonderful prize, but one far beyond what you knew could be an attainable goal. He would do this in the early season. Subtly he would let you know he hoped you could achieve it, but of course you knew you could not. Then suddenly something mysterious seemed to happen within you and your crewmates. You began to feel perhaps you could reach that goal. On the day of the big race, Dick would say: 'Go ahead now, I'm sure you people can do it.' So you reached out and, sure enough, you had the ability to win the big one. That night at training table he would say: 'You people did well today. I thought you might do it.'

"Dick Glendon," he said, "taught me the most valuable lesson I learned at Columbia College. He taught me never to be afraid to reach out for a worthwhile goal. Since then I have never feared any man or any task. That was the way of the Old Man."

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the row and have already outstripped the captain's boat, which is rowing in the opposite.

What does Herblock say?

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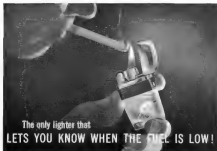
● Herblock says it was one of those days and he caught the mistake before or after the cartoon got into print.—ED.

BASEBALL: SCOUTS ON THE CAMPUS

In the past, SPORSMANSHIP has always been willing to enter into a controversy when an abuse arose in the world of sports. We feel that such an abuse exists today in the relationship between college and professional baseball, namely, the invasion of the college campus by professional scouts and the subsequent signing of student athletes before they finish their collegiate careers.

A case in point is our alma mater, Holy Cross, where good baseball players have become a habit over the years. Last year Holy Cross finished third in the NCAA World Series at Omaha. Three of the

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GOLF CAR

available in
21 or 30 volt power.

"For exercise with minimum exertion, I'd prescribe golf the Worthington Champ was! The Champ does all the hard work, even improves your game. I know, I play the Champ now too!"—says a prominent New York City Physician. You enjoy golf so why not enjoy golf all the way 'round and own a Worthington Champ...it'll pay you big dividends in health, pleasure and satisfaction.

Write for literature, varied Fleet Sales Plans, individual sale prices.

WORTHINGTON MOWER COMPANY

Electric Car Division

STROUBURG
PENNSYLVANIA

1-190 Subsidiary of Jacobson Manufacturing Company, Racine, Wisconsin

You may not have heard of this whisky before, but once you've tried it, we think you'll be spreading the word

We may be starting our ad off on the wrong foot, insisting plainly that word of Maker's Mark may not have reached you until you began reading this message. Maybe we should make broad assertions about how extensively it is being consumed since 1929.

But we mustn't let our own words cloud our that and come anywhere near the truth. In the first place, we don't—we can't—make that much whisky. Star Hill is a small distillery near Loretto, Kentucky, and Maker's Mark is a whisky that is just now being made available normally at better package stores and in select pouring spots.

This is an old style sour mash bourbon made in limited quantities, with an individual character all its own. It's now fully matured and bottled for the first time. Frankly, it does cost a little more so you must look for it among the really good bourbons on the shelves and in the bars.

Maker's Mark is beautifully smooth, with a bouquet and subtly lingering flavor that set it apart, we believe, as one of the finest whiskies around.

We can't talk you into enjoying it, though. We suggest you seek it for your pleasure and that of your friends. It may be you'll like it enough to make it your favorite.



**Maker's
Mark**

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky
54% Alc/Vol (108 Proof) • Blended and Bottled by
the Star Hill Distilling Co., Star
Hill Farm, Loretto, Kentucky

Look for the mark of the maker

18TH HOLE continued

starters so that team were seniors and graduated after the season. This left many returning veterans to form a nucleus for another good team. Four of these veterans were signed to professional contracts, which terminated their collegiate careers, and a fifth refused substantial offers.

Why should professional teams be allowed to capitalize unfairly on the work, training and efforts of talented college coaches and excellent athletic programs? If it is allowed to continue, the spirit of college baseball will be broken.

This problem no longer exists in college football or basketball. Why let it continue in college baseball?

JOSEPH W. MYLLEN JR.
JAMES J. HIGGINS

Washington, D.C.

BASEBALL: HOLD YOUR BREATH

Sir:

I would like to congratulate Ray Terrell on his excellent column *Base Baller* (The Evening Star, May 11). The Indian start may be, in reality, a false start and one that cannot be expected to continue the whole season. But many San Franciscoers are holding their breath, and a slight stumble runs up their spine.

Do remember that the great and famous, national San Francisco Seals team of 1937, in 1938, posted a record 100 losses in the depths of second division. Then the owners stepped into the San Francisco pleasure. No one will ever forget his 1937 Seals and even himself. San Francisco is proud, very proud of her Giants, the Seals will always have a special place.

Gordon is stepping into the same kind of place in Cleveland that he had in San Francisco. Can he do it again?

DAVID BELL

Los Altos, Calif.

POSITION WANTED

Sir:

After reading your excellent article on the Patterson-Lambert team (SI, May 11), I would appreciate your printing the following letter:

Dear Mr. Patterson:

I would like to apply for the position of Heavyweight Title Challenger to fight against Floyd Patterson at any time that is convenient for you. I am very eager to do this in view of the purse guaranteed for climbing into the ring.

I am a male with no physical defects, weigh 185 pounds and am not a member of any subversive leading organization. Although I have never boxed, I was co-captain of the swimming team and am good at golf, baseball and ping-pong. I have also started lifting weights. Character references furnished upon request.

ROBERT L. STEINBERG
Williamstown, Mass.

SPRING LOOK

Sir:

Go, more fashion. "Stuff" suit.

JOHN SHANNON

New York City

Sirs:

I am writing to inquire whether there is a store in Philadelphia which carries the Japs Food Regatta Collection by Sportmasters. After reading the May 11 fashion story, *Swilling into Summer*, I knew that at least one wardrobe problem was solved! It is wonderful that there are designers who understand and answer the needs of women who participate in sports, and I, for one, thank *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and Jane Ford.

ELIZABETH R. CAMPBELL

Philadelphia

◆ Berwin Teller-Philadelphia has the collection. —ED.

TALKERS: WORD TO THE WISE

Sirs:

Thanks for the great series by Billy Talbert (*The Billy Talbert Story*, 31, April 20, et seq.). In a day when other sports editors have buried tennis news (Hosie's Pancho and Head doing these days? Just try and find out in the newspapers!), the Talbert story was very refreshing.

With a little promotion and common sense I still believe tennis can be resurrected from the grave dug for it by golf. If tennis is ever released from its exclusive straitjacket and put into the hands of the many instead of the few it will regain its rightful spot.

The tremendous success of the professional golf tournaments while tennis lings along with its decadent system ought to be sufficient word to the wise.

RAY M. LARSEN, GRAY

Cameron, Wis.

THE LITTLE MAN FROM EMPORIA

Sirs:

In stating that Archie San Romani Sr. and Glenn Cunningham were from Kansas (*PLAY ON THE RACE*, May 11) the editors of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* were most correct. Both of these great runners competed for schools in the Statehouse State: Cunningham ran for the University of Kansas, San Romani for Kansas State Teachers College of Emporia.

As a boy of 16, back in 1904, I recall a memorable race in the Midwest Olympic tryouts held in the Marquette stadium. San Romani pulled away in the final lap of the 1,500 meters in what appeared to be an upset of Cunningham in the making. But Archie made a fatal mistake, hit the curb of the trackstretch and fell. Cunningham and most of the field passed the prostrate San Romani.

The little man from Emporia pulled himself back into the race to finish second amidst the cheers of the crowd.

Following the race, Cunningham ascended the top step of the victory stand. When San Romani was introduced, Cunningham reached down, took his hand and pulled him to the top step in a magnificent gesture of sportsmanship and recognition of performance.

By the looks of Archie Jr., track fans again will be treated to more of those great San Romani performances.

JOE KIRO
Athletic News Director,
Marquette University

Milwaukee

"THE GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD"

A Man's Game



THE ENGLISH BRAND of croquet,

officially known as Association croquet, is about as different from its American counterpart as bridge is from gin rummy. The equipment and form of play universal in England today were established in the late 1800's, just about the time A&F was founded. And they've changed practically none in all our years of outfitting the game's small, but devoted, American following.

The general idea is the same on both sides of the Atlantic, but there the similarity ends. The English court is a rectangular arrangement of six wickets with a single post in the center—as opposed to the American setup of two adjacent diamonds with nine wickets and a peg at either end. In America, of course, from two to six people may compete—each playing one ball. But English croquet must be either singles or doubles, with each side, whether one man or two, playing two balls. And English rules are vastly more scientific and challenging than American ones.

The great fascination in English croquet, its enthusiasts and our staff agree, is the ingenious and varied strategy involved. With skill and accuracy, a break (as in billiards) may be established for scoring a

number of points. Defensive tactics are vital, too, and, whenever possible, a good player will position his balls to make it difficult for his opponent to strike them.

Definitely, this is not child's play—but a sport in which considerable skill can be developed. And, as well as good fun, English croquet provides exercise without exertion and equal opportunity for both sexes, with no age limit—a combination of features we recommend as rare and interesting.



ENGLISH COURT

Fine English—and, of course, American—croquet sets are just one small part of our world-famous selection of games and gear for lawn and beach. We have taken from Hong Kong, based from Italy and hundreds more delightful ways, both new and old, to while away many a pleasant hour out-of-doors.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

343 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO



Charming full scale reproduction of the original curved dash 1903 Surrey

**This is all
you need...**



to build this car!

Here is America's most unique automobile. Best of all, it's a do-it-yourself project for the whole family—a working car you can build from complete parts and detailed plans supplied by the manufacturer.

If anything is fun to build and built for fun—it's the Surrey '03. Tools you need are a hammer, pair of pliers, screwdriver and about 50 hours of summer time. You wind up with a charming, smoking automobile ideal as a station car, delivery coach, "beach buggy", estate wagon.

The Surrey '03 comes with motor, transmission and differential already assembled. It has an 8 horsepower, 1 cylinder Cushman motor (70 miles to the gallon); sealed beam lights in solid beam head and tail light; Goodyear tires. Also electric starter; old fashioned klaxon horn. Two speeds forward, one reverse. All parts prime coated for whatever color you choose to paint. Service, parts and inspection available nationwide through famed Cushman dealers.

Price of the build-it-yourself Surrey Kit is a rental \$995. A completely assembled and ready to run Surrey '03 is also available at \$1,295. Both prices F.O.B. Canton, Ohio. Top and side curtains extra equipment if you want them. Order this fabulous fun car or get more information from Dyer Products Company, 554-2nd St., Center, Ohio, Phone Glendale 3-9161; or Old Time Autos, Ltd., 60 East 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y., Please Oxford 7-1561.

**The charming
SURREY '03** the car
with the banish'at look

Pat on the Back

James A. Dineen Jr.



MERION CRICKET CLUB SQUASH CHAMPIONS

'More where we came from'

The five cheerful men shown sitting on the lawn of Philadelphia's Merion Cricket Club (founded 1845) have brought a unique sporting distinction to that pleasant and esteemed Main Line institution: together they have taken all of the existing major national squash championships, and it should be remembered that squash racquets is played by some 50,000 people in 38 states.

Benjamin Heckscher (left) at 23 topped the great Henri Salasn, the defending champion, and went on to take the National Amateur Championship. John Hents teamed up with Diehl Mateer (right rear) to take the

National Doubles. James Zag (center), an 18-year-old Princeton freshman, won the National Junior title. Diehl Mateer, one of the fiercest competitors in the game, performed the unlikely feat of eliminating Roohan and Hashim Khan, the incredible Pakistanis who have dominated international squash for years, to take the National Open. Stephen Vekslage (right), the youngster to watch, won the Intercollegiate crown from a large international field. And surveying the wealth of Merion youngsters of competitive caliber waiting in the wings, Diehl Mateer said: "There's more where we came from."



Like your pleasure the way Nature flavors it!

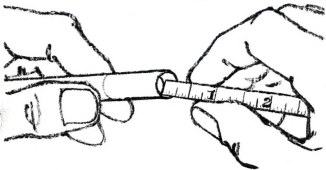
RELAX . . . this is the GENUINE! There's a wholesome differentness in the flavor of **CABIN STILL**. Your first taste discovers it. Comes from our century-old natural sour mash recipe. Genuine **COPPER DISTILLING**, in our slow-poke way, creates our special Bourbon. And **KENTUCKY WEATHER RIPENING**, in open-air timber warehouses, seasons it to a rare gentleness. Try it tonight, if you want **A Bourbon Man's Bourbon**.

Weller's
CABIN STILL
Bourbon

Kentucky Straight
Bourbon

Distilled and Bottled solely by **STEVENS-WELLER DISTILLERS, LTD.**, Fitzgerald Road, Louisville, Kentucky, Established 1849 • 50-51 Front

The most important $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in smoking today



Parliament is not the only cigarette that does a good job of trapping nicotine and tar. But Parliament is the only leading high-filtration cigarette that recesses its filter $\frac{1}{4}$ inch to prevent filter feedback on your lips and tongue.

Someday all filter cigarettes will probably be made this better way. But today you can get this years-ahead design only from Parliament—the world's most experienced filter people.



HIGH FILTRATION MAY REPORT

No other cigarette combines Parliament's high filtration and recessed protection. (Confirmed by May analysis of all leading high-filtration cigarettes by the United States Testing Company, a leading independent testing laboratory.)

*Tobacco tastes best
when the filter's recessed*

Popular Price **Parliament**